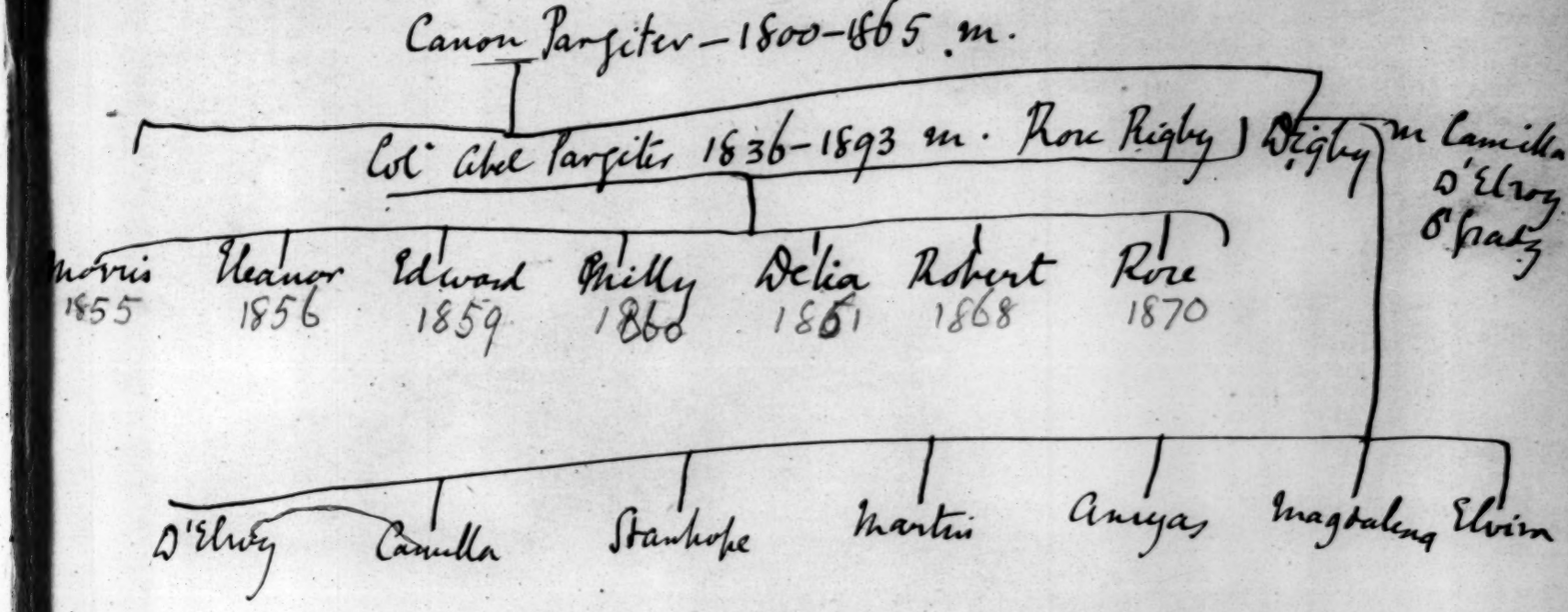
Canon Parsiter – 1800–1865 m.
Col. Abel Parsiter 1836–1893 m. Rose Rigby
Digby
m Camilla D'Elroy O'Grady
Morris 1855
Eleanor 1856
Edward 1859
Milly 1860
Delia 1861
Robert 1868
Rose 1870
D'Elroy
Camilla
Stanhope
Martin
Aneyas
Magdalena
Elvira

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Notes for The Knock on the Door ?

July 20th 1931.

1931

July 20th

NYPL

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11th October 1932

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Oct. 11th 1932

THE PARGITERS

A Novel ~~for~~ may have been read before a paper read to the London & National Society for Women's Service.

When your secretary asked me to come here tonight to ~~& give~~ give you some account of my professional experience, it would be untrue to say that I accepted with pleasure. ~~It seems not~~ To me the profession of lecturing) to be ought ~~worthy~~ long ago to have been abolished. ~~So why should I help to bolster up an obsolete & unscriptural method of~~ ~~when a Caxton may be~~ that seems to be obsolete with the printing press at ~~has~~ has made obsolete & unscriptural? ~~The~~ On the other hand, ~~the invitation~~ any request made by young women who are earning, or trying to earn, their living in the professions, ~~seems to me~~ is of such importance that ~~it~~ to refuse it became it involves coming to Westminster, standing on a platform ~~seemed~~ ~~to~~ & taking part in the antiquated rituals of speech making, would be an act of impatience & ~~self~~ selfishness. ~~You will not flatter.~~ The ~~compliments that are~~ ~~One of the chief objections~~ conventions ~~of the speech maker~~ antiquated conventions ~~But pay me the~~ if I yield on ~~this occasion,~~ ~~one hour~~ this in return — & for this reason, grant me ~~at least~~ ~~Coercion — freedom from the abolish~~ let ~~Let us agree~~ to abolish the broad amenities, ~~the old & unscriptural which~~ that you will believe that I am not, when I say ~~that I am~~ ~~that you do not accuse me of the~~ ~~indeed~~ believe that I am trying to speak the truth acquit me, ~~of~~ in ~~these a~~ ~~veil~~ subtle flatteries which ~~for some~~ for some reason ~~twine~~ wreathe the ~~spoken sword~~ & me ~~the~~ desire simply to seduce, to flatter & to bring you round to my own

~~To me~~ as a method of imparting ideas

NYPL

way of thinking because ~~their~~ ~~are an way of thinking~~
~~is making converts~~ is by means of flattery & seduction.
The ~~that~~ phrase that I have just used, for example, — the
~~unfortunate~~ publication that I am grateful to you for carrying your
lines. that I repeat you, that if I could help you. I would, is
~~literally true.~~ not flattery; it is literally true. No other
~~kind~~ audience would have overcome my ~~dislike~~ ~~of French making.~~
that ~~this~~ French making is a ~~terrible cheap form of intoxicant~~
an effervescence of foam — a intoxicating to vanity —
obstructive of truth —, as deleterious ~~more effective~~ as
cheap champagne. to the health
~~than the other~~ the body. ~~Coming here I saw the lights~~
Had the ~~House~~ over the way asked me to address them,
on ~~the~~ ~~Colonial~~ tariff reform, had the majestic ~~Houses~~ hall of
Oxford & Cambridge asked me to ~~address them~~ on
the Victorian novelists — ~~I need not say~~ that to my ~~need~~ ~~kind~~ invitations
~~belong to~~ are beyond the bounds of imagination — to
refuse ~~probably would have been both a duty & a~~
would have been easy. But your ~~Society~~ has an, for me,
~~inherent & an~~ importance which westminster & the
Great universities ~~are — for me —~~ lack:
~~who are trying to~~ you live in the present,
you are making an experiment: you are attempting what
~~something~~ that has never been attempted before. ~~Your~~
The ~~difficulties before you are great~~ ~~vast~~: the ranks
tremendous. ~~Therefore~~ you call out, as the old &
Established Societies at Westminster & Oxford & Cambridge
cannot call all those sympathies which, in literature,
are called out by the ~~discoverers~~ explorers who
~~who overcame~~ ~~look~~ ~~you ran~~ ranks, & overcame obstacle.
~~found~~ set out in crazy cockle shells, & ~~discovered~~ new
lands, & founded new civilisations:
~~have the additional charm,~~ ~~and your enterprise~~ has
~~the~~ But your enterprise is not 'in literature'; it is
in being; — a difference that makes it less
easy to describe ~~with~~ the fluency of a flowing pen; but ~~much~~
~~infinitely~~ more interesting.

to the heart
& the mind

~~fantastic~~
in fiction
not only
imaginary
but beyond
the bounds
of imagination

NYPL

But when I came to turn to your request, modestly asked to tell you something about my professional experience — I am faced with the fact that as there is [illegible] to tell about the profession of writing than about any other. By that I mean that the difficulties of this profession are not difficulties in the sense that many professions are difficult. Paper is cheap. For ten shillings you can buy as much paper to write on as will contain all the tragedies of Shakespeare. One fountain pen is said to last a lifetime. Pens are [illegible] with which to write a dozen years. Even Anthony Trollope for ten years. The cost of materials is negligible: it is negligible compared with the pianos, the paints, the laboratories, the guns, that are needed in other professions. If you asked a musician or a painter or a scientist or a soldier to give you their professional experience you might justly expect, even if the lecturer were a man, to hear an exciting story of hardships overcome & difficulties surmounted. And not only are the materials of a writer's profession easily obtained, but it is also one of those home industries which can be carried on without any derangement of family life. There two facts — Thus if you asked a musician or a painter, a scientist or a soldier

But the story of a writer's profession has few external difficulties; it is thus much the easiest for women to follow and practised by women.

I cannot therefore

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& this has
~~& this~~ than, with one exception, the oldest of all women's
~~was~~ professions, ~~& became~~

But a writer, ~~has~~ paper has fewer material difficulties than any
other: hence the fact that this is with ~~one~~ exception the
first profession ~~the most frequently practised~~ & all professions
by women; ~~& the~~ But

But the professional ~~difficulties~~ of a writer, ~~confused as they~~
~~often are by a bad sitting room,~~ whose craft can be practised
so cheaply, so domestically, ~~in a bad sitting room,~~ or ~~at a~~ in
desk ~~in a public library~~, lead to many ~~often in a bad room,~~ as at
~~a desk in a public library~~, are indirectly lack the
there exciting incidents which are so are likely if you
is lacking have to protect your ~~insist that~~ adopt a profession which
requires an expensive ~~training~~, & the or the instruction from a
alleviation specialised instruction. ~~The inwardly, of course,~~
~~To~~ ~~a story to~~ an Editor ~~& letters~~ ~~to~~ requires only
~~almost~~ a two penny halfpenny stamp. ~~to~~ write the
story, this ~~true~~, requires other faculties, other gifts, & other
powers; but ~~it is not for a writer to~~ those are
~~yet yet~~ ~~In spite of~~ ~~yet that it is a profession~~
~~But in spite of this~~ Yet that this, in spite of this,
its cheapness, its material easiness, its domesticity, a
profession ~~lack of~~ lack of ~~cheapness~~, difficulty. ~~it~~ requires
~~that a true account of the profession~~ ~~write profession~~
would be ~~lack of great intensity~~ ~~lack~~ of incidents
in ~~apart from the~~ apart from ~~those~~ difficulties
which belong ~~peculiarly~~ ~~literature~~ to the art of writing
from literature, ~~not to~~ the profession ~~is true~~ also.
an instinct true. ~~But how can I make you understand what~~
~~they are?~~ ~~&~~ Your request that I should describe
the profession of writing has made ~~made~~ that abundantly
Clear. ~~But how can I to~~ But
what I therefore therefore to do is to consider

NYPL

take it that
Hence I am ~~going~~ to interpret ~~your command rather more~~
~~this~~ to ~~tell you about the profession of writing~~ though
I am going to depart ~~deal~~ not with my profession in particular
~~merely~~ - although I hope to say something also about that -
but with ~~your~~ professions in general ~~a large subject~~,
but ~~one of very great importance~~. the profession that
not
you are practising, the profession that you are ~~not~~
practising, & that you might practise. {This, I am aware,
~~not~~ is a ~~very large subject~~. is to enlarge the scope of my
paper very considerably - perhaps very foolishly. But the
~~subject is one of such importance that~~ I have brought
myself to believe that even a ~~so hasty an~~ ill informed
& imperfect sketch may ~~give you something to~~
as I can make
may give you something to improve upon, — as
to re-write, ~~to~~ think over & bring to much greater
better propositions & ~~greater~~ deeper ~~value~~ meaning
among yourselves.

than this
would be for
me to
advance
alone.

To be ~~sure~~ with this ~~as~~ ~~course~~ ~~a statement~~ meagre that
any in order to understand ~~anything~~ ~~that~~ is actually in
trying ~~we have~~ to ~~know something~~ as what has gone
before. ~~I am to understand those in this case~~, it
I want to grasp the understand your professions - I take a
few at random - the professions ~~of~~ Civil Servants, doctors,
~~architect, solicitors~~ medicine,
engineering, banking, architecture, law, solicitors,
The Civil Service —
one must

But how can I possibly say anything as intent to you
about ~~what~~ the professions that you are practising
& that I am not practising! How can I say
anything that you do not know a thousand times better
than I do about medicine & law & architecture &
engineering & solicitors, & banking & the civil service —
all professions in which, as I see from your report many
to name a few of
that you are ~~engaged in practising~~ ?
~~The~~ That
objection is one that has already ~~struck me~~ occurred to
me; ~~but~~ & I make this answer. & it has great

NYPL

wright. But perhaps an outsider – a ~~writer tends to~~ this part of a writer's profession to be an outsider – can see ~~aspects~~ ~~from that vantage~~ aspects of things that are not visible from the ~~out~~ inside. I have already given you proof of this. I have spoken of ~~my~~ gratitude & respect. ~~You~~ – I said ~~a~~ that you call out those sympathies which ... are ~~e~~called by the explorers who ~~set out~~ in crazy cockle shells to discover new lands & to found new civilizations: and as I spoke the words, I saw come over your face ~~that~~ rather strained look of ~~polite boredom~~ which ~~I~~ ~~was sure~~ ~~assume~~ of polite acquiescence which I interpreted to mean, ~~Gracious~~ How little she knows of what it

well wishes; & I understood it to mean, Heaven, how little she knows what it means to earn one's living in a profession!" Some of you, as I spoke, saw in a flash the crowded noisy office in which you have spent this particular day. You had a rush to catch the ~~tram~~ train; had to ~~stand all the way~~ ~~from Wimbledon to Waterloo~~; ~~worked~~ this from half past nine to six with an hour off for luncheon; & ~~your salary is~~ ~~do you will be working~~ with one fortnight's holiday in the summer & the usual Bank holidays, from January (January ~~you will~~) The crazy cockle shell may stand for the ~~motor~~ ~~bus~~ which brings you from Clarence ~~Avenue~~ Road, Sw. 19. to Whitehall; but ~~the new land, & the new conclusion seem to you~~, I agree ~~perhaps too much~~ ~~that is meant by~~ discovery of lands & founding new civilizations seems to you, ~~to put it~~ mildly, as a ~~highly~~ very highly ~~coloured~~ way of ~~saying that~~ describing the ~~bed sitting~~ dreary room above the three roomed flat above the grocers shop in Clarence ~~Avenue~~ Road Sw 19 which is your lodging; It is true, ~~that~~ it is pleasant to have a room of one's own; but when you have ~~to earn the money~~ to pay the rent – ~~but~~ at a salary which ~~barely~~ is ~~not likely~~ to be ~~it~~ is round about three hundred pounds ~~a year~~ – any ~~the~~ time ~~there~~ to ~~discover~~ ~~new lands~~, ~~or to found~~ a founding

work with me seems this amicable commonplace of detached benevolent but detached

You have been

You will be working.

metaphorical

Has a more delightful attitude has C. R. can be imagined

NYPL

one has neither the time nor the energy to discover new lands & to
found new civilisations to talk of discovering new lands -
founding new civilisations is — the part of a hangman the people
who nowadays do talk are of those jokes which phrases which
writers do most credit to are part of a nonsense stock in trade.
I must justify myself.
And when you thought of the hours I spent in hard &
sometimes very harassing work, & of the rooms in which you
live, & of the effort that is required to pay the rent of
those rooms, you thought of the concluded that
this phrase of mine was nothing but a phrase,
concluded that to talk of discovering new lands &
founding new civilisations was merely a writers
phrase. I maintain on the Contrary that I was
Yours not a statement of fact. Phrases that are not
founded on fact are No books who la the least
useful for her art was phrases that are not founded on
what appears to you to be fact. Thus I should be
false to my own art if it were not a statement of fact.
Ulcahi's way of being prolific: On the contrary,
it was a writers way of throwing the truth
inside what is visible to some one who is outside.
Prove a true statement of the facts as it
appeared to me.
But I can only prove the truth of my statement
And those that in the course of this paper I shall bring you
if not to agree with me to understand the reasons which
what my phrase is that to understand what I mean by it.
What what I see from the outside if not to understand
what I mean by it. even if, as is of course very likely,
Why do I say that? you have many do not agree you have many
I said many additions much to add, much to correct,
before you are satisfied that it is in any way true
for you.

NYPL

~~In this discussion of professions in general it is necessary~~
Both my aims in this paper ~~to discuss professions in~~ general, ~~& to justify my belief that~~ the publication of my statement that your I wish to discuss professions in general & to justify my statement that, in trying to earn your living professionally you are doing work of ~~the~~ enormous importance — ~~you~~ require ~~that~~ a preface; ~~in order that we may get the present~~ moment into its proper relation with perspective. ~~Now the fact that~~ Miss Sowerby is a barrister. ~~But we cannot~~ Otherwise we shall not value the true interest of this present. at the present moment for example, Miss Sowerby is a barrister. But before we can understand a letter of the past in order to understand anything of the present. because we cannot understand the present if we isolate it from the past. If we want to understand what this that you are doing now, ~~is~~ I must ask you to obliterate ~~forget that we are here~~ in this room, a certain night; ~~in the year 1931~~; I must ask you to ~~forget that you are yourselves. I must~~ become, for the time, not ~~yourselves~~ but your ~~great~~ grandmothers; not ~~ourselves~~ but our grand ancestors. ~~We must forget that we are~~ the moment, ourselves. We must become our grandmothers. the people that we were two or three generations ago. ~~We must reverse the usual process of living for the~~ I want you to Let us be our great grandmothers. But as this is being somebody else is not part of your profession — ~~it would be a serious~~ obstacle against your success in the ~~future~~ drawback in some of them, I imagine — ~~but~~ as this a very large part of a ~~woman's~~ profession, I am going to take the liberty of effecting this transformation for you.

historical

This observation

Occasion in the ~~present~~ year, ~~that~~ what we is now happening:

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I am going to read you chapters from an unpublished novel which I am in process of writing, called "The Pargiters".
It tends at this to give a faithful & detailed account of a family called Pargiter, ~~from the year 1800 to the year 2032~~ beginning from the year 1880 to the year 2032.
Thus of I what the chapters which deal with The Pargiters in the year 1880 I ought to be able to show you what you were like fifty years ago:- & so we shall get that perspective which is so important of the ~~want to be what is before us in its true proportions.~~ ~~we are like now.~~ of the understanding of the present.
~~to represent, I anticipate~~ future objection that fiction is not history; I ~~agree~~, but ~~contend that statement with~~ the assertion that fiction is far closer to the truth than history, reply that though invented in fact is the latest form of history, — "In the year 1842 Lord John Russell brought in the Second Reform bill". War — that is the method of telling the truth which seems to me so elementary, so convincing that I prefer, ~~if I wish to tell the truth to~~ to write fiction. Moreover this novel where truth is important, to write fiction. And The Pargiters, moreover belongs to that is not a novel of vision but a novel of fact. ~~belongs to that~~ is based upon some slender - I might boldly say thousands - of old memoirs. & There is scarcely a statement in it that ~~could not be found~~ cannot be ~~proved to some biography, or~~ verified, & if anybody should wish so to ~~misuse~~ their time. Today. I hope that I am not making an empty boast if I say that there is not a statement in it that ~~can~~ must be verified. ~~by reference to~~ It ~~remains for me to explain, further~~ why The Pargiters ~~is~~ was intended to tell. I need not say ~~to represent~~ The family of Parsiter is meant ~~This may interest in the book to give a~~

As it happens.

to prove that

I hasten

Let me reassure you,

20, 16, 12

21, 17, 15, 10

NYPL

As I am only able to give you short extracts from a novel that will run into many volumes I must explain that the ~~Pargiters are~~ family of Pargiter is an ~~where~~ typical English families ~~which~~ whose members are to be found in the Army & Navy & Church the Bar, ~~the House of Commons~~, the Stock Exchange; the Civil Services; ~~the Universities~~; the House of Commons; who never rise very high or sink very low, although some Pargiters have married the daughters of Earls, & others have kept small boarding houses in the suburbs of London. My intention is to represent ~~normal~~ English life over a period at its most normal. The chapter that I am about to read deals ~~with the~~ family is taken from volume five & deals with describes a scene in the life of ~~family~~ the R.N. [1826 – 1890] the John Abel Pargiter — Captain Abel Pargiter, ~~being~~ the father, being the third in descent from John Pargiter [1730 – 1785] the Yorkshire Colliery Banker, with whom the book begins. Abel

at the most typical & most representative

Captain & ~~The~~ is the father of three sons, Thomas, Henry, & Sinclair; & of four daughters, Milly, Eleanor, Mary & Rose: Mrs. Pargiter is now a confirmed invalid — & has moved ~~but many months~~ to live The Pargiters inhabit number

his mother who (~~not~~ was a Miss Dalton of Flockton Tees)

fifty six Abercorn Terrace, a large old fashioned houses ~~that still stand in~~ with flights of steps in front & long gardens behind which are still to be found between Ladbroke Grove & Bagswater. It is the 4th of November 1880, about five o'clock in the afternoon, & the Pargiters are at tea.

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Melly
Eleanor
Mary
Rose:
Thomas
Henry
Lovibond:
Robert.

Chapter Fifty-Six

"I wish the Kettle would boil" said Melly.
"Why can't one make tea without barley water?" asked her Aunt Eleanor. "I don't think anyone ever knew"
The door opened & Susan brought in a covered dish of hot cakes. "I'll boil the Kettle in the Kitchen if you like. Miss" she said.
"It'll boil in Melly
Oh no thank you, Susan" said Melly
time.
When the maid had shut the door she took a hair pin from her head & began to prick the wick of the candle to Kettle, to increase the flame. "It so that it might boil
Kettle, of brass, I hate that Kettle that sings"
"It's the most inconvenient why not boil it downstairs
said Mary; 'why don't' Can't buy a new one".
"Papa gave it to mama on their wedding day" said Melly. "They bought it on Bunker Hill. never
'They'd never let us' let us me another." Besides you could'nt
"Have an ordinary Kettle in a the-
drawing room. How late English!" The
continued. You'd better put the screen to keep hot
by the fire.
"Eleanor It's Milly's day at in the Grove" said Melly
won't be in much before six" said Mary. "It's her
day in the Grove "in silence
The Latin rat looking at the Kettle. They were
typical Parsifer. pretty, Each has very clear skinned, & the dark eyes of
the family, & thick Each had a abundant hair; but whereas
Melly's hair was dark, Margi had the red tinge
which had come in with the Wallons.
"Do remember to shut the door properly Rose" said Melly

[p. 8, New York, Harcourt, 1937 ed.]

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as her little sister rushed in. "And I think Rose might have been
that you had on a clean pinafore ...

"It hasn't come back from the wash" said Rose.

"Where's Bobby" said Mary. looking ~~out of the window~~ through the side window from which one could see the
front steps. In another moment ~~the door~~ there was the
sound of a satchel flung down on the hall table. &
Bobby Parkin came in, smoothing his hair. Go &
~~Run up & change your hot boy~~ wash about. "Jim is
washing your hands" said his sister severely. "Jim is
plenty of time. The kettle isn't boiling yet."

"Blast the kettle" said Bobby. looking resentfully at it.
"Mama wouldn't like you to use language like that" said
Ellen Milly.

"The tray. Miss." said Parkins, opening the door.

Now who's going to take up Mama's tea?" said
Milly. Not you, Rose – its too heavy. Let Bobby
Carry it & you can go with him. But come down
Don't be long. The kettle is now soon" she again
applied her hare's to the wick. ....

[I skip the next few pages, which describe how at last
the kettle boiled, ~~at 5.30~~ all the parties closed family sat down
to tea. & tea: &
Mary, Milly Rose & Bobby sat down to tea: &
then, at about five Merely Jane in came Captain Parkin,
their father]

"Oh Papa!" said Milly. & Bobby who had been sitting in
his father's arm chair scrambled out. The Captain was
gloweing sat down with that single motion, as of one
with that simple movement that characterises elderly
gentlemen of naval upbringing who now weigh
well over twelve stone & had ten
agony before his time. He was a disinherited man,
& the change from an active life at sea to the sedentary
occupation of retired naval officer was telling upon
his spirits. He tended to brood over the past.

"Mama all right?" he said, as his
daughter handed him the heartily large breakfast
cup of old china – it had been his father's – out of which he

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always drank his afternoon tea. ~~But it was~~ rather for the form of the thing than for any ~~liking~~ he had for tea. The latter was about his nose indicated that he had quite lately taken one glass of sherry at the Club. ~~He was~~ a fine judge of sherry, ~~& spoke~~ most fine judges of ~~wine~~, preferred tea. "~~Where's Eleanor~~ And ~~where's Everybody~~?" he asked ~~what~~ everybody up to?" he asked; looking about him with ~~a~~ that ~~assumed~~ authoritative manner ~~which~~ ~~took~~ made ~~assumed~~ authoritative eyes ~~which his~~ children ~~admired~~, ~~& which~~ ~~& feared~~. She might take in Mama; ~~but it was no use~~ trying that on. She might take in ~~it was~~ her habit to present a full account of her children's conduct. "Eleanor had her music lesson; & I went to Wheeley's — Milly began, ~~about~~ as they were a child reading a lesson. "~~Spending~~ money?" said her father sharply but not unkindly; "No Papa; I told you; they sent the wrong sheets. I took back the twill sheets. I got unbleached linen instead. They are sending them ... And ~~what about~~ you Bobby?" said her father. "Bottom the class as usual?" "Top!" said Bobby, who ~~was~~ ~~had~~ with the ~~greatest~~ difficulty restrained ~~himself~~ "~~not to~~, ~~to stop~~" bursting out with the information ~~that~~ he had with a proud ~~&~~ conscious mixture of feeling as he produced to select the ~~exposed~~ which ~~protruded~~ from his ~~right~~ hand. ~~Abel Parslin had~~ lost three fingers ~~in~~ that affray ~~off Cox~~ with off the Coromandel Coast ~~which had had~~ [this has been described in volume three] much momentous results. The muscles ~~of the~~ trunk; & his right hand wrenched nothing so much as the claw ~~wrenched~~ claw ~~of~~ an aged bird — ~~a strange~~ an appearance ~~that contrasted~~ strangely with the robust & well developed appearance of his other limbs. Rose always looked at her father's right hand with a mixture of repulsion & awe. It fascinated her. It ~~was so horrid to look at. And yet, was~~ Yet she could not keep her eyes off it. Her nurse had told her that her father had lost his fingers "fighting savages" And she connected it with the dagger that was fastened

he ~~entered~~ home ~~& then~~ ~~went~~

~~where~~ ~~Nanny~~

~~of course~~

~~enter~~ ~~Nanny~~

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the wall above the dining room mantelpiece. He ~~had a vision~~
her her father, ~~fighting~~ for the ~~worshipped~~ his father for his courage;
& yet ~~then~~ the sight of the shrivelled hand made her feel rather sick.
As Captain Parfitt never alluded to the mystery; & ~~I should have~~
been & always used his right hand, as if there were ~~some~~ complete,
partly in ~~his way of~~ disregard the mark. his children were
order to unable to help him. & the selection of a particular new expression
which were from a rival of other forms was a matter of time &
difficulty. "And Eleanor?" he asked, as he presented
the response to his son. She "It's her afternoon in the Grove"
said Milly: but no sooner were the words spoken than the
door opened & Eleanor & Harry came in together. They
had indeed met in the street. While Harry explained
to his father the reason why he had come home an hour
earlier than usual — Mrs Parker had come into the office
unexpectedly, & ~~saying that everything had been~~ &
had said that as there were a Chinese impossible to post the
China orders that night, there was no need for him to stay on —
he might have to work overtime tomorrow — Eleanor
took off her gloves, raised her veil, & gratefully accepted the
muffin which her sister had reserved for her.
Vases for The
looked tired. She had been collecting rents for a
Philanthropic Society in Lemon Grove, & she had it
on her conscience that she had hurried away in
without actually inspecting the drains. Mrs Lewis
Drobery. On the other hand she had seen old
the running sore on Mrs Pecks poisoned leg.
She raised her veil, took off her gloves, & gratefully
accepted the last tea cake which her sister had
reserved for her.
"Now Papa tell us what you've been up to" said
Harry Delia rather feebly. He was her father's
favourite daughter & could say things to him that none
of the others dared to. But he was an unfortunate
parent may adventures to.
"There's not much doing for me nowadays"
said Abel Parfitt. "Not much doing for a

20

NYPL

He seldom let
he loved Bobby that it was
kept time he wanted his
prep; he respect his mentality

retried old fogy. on halfpay"

His 2 Eleanor was really too tired to the daughters were
Excited their brain did them best to think of something to
Distract their father from his grievance. But
Realised that he been a little surly — Delia also was his favourite
daughter he pulled a letter from his pocket & said added
"I met Old Blake at the Club. They want us by the way.
Young Blake is told me Roger is home again. They want us
to come & Want me to Cranked me to bring me & you to
Dinner. Think he said Thursday night — They'll write."
Eleaner from her low chair by his settee did see Saw
a curious look cross Milly's face. Instinctively, She
glanced at Delia. She knew what at they would had
spoken, what was passing through their minds. "Which after
visit to be? I want to go to dinner with the Blakes.
I want to meet Roger. which after is it to be?" from the
Neither spoke, but from the hardness of Delia's lips
& the tenor with which Milly moved a tea cup,
unnecessarily, she was aware that the sisters would
of the jealousy which was Each was acutely jealous of
the other. Well true that neither They Calmly knew Roger Blake & but he was a
young man of in their circle young men were rare.
That her father had touched his text the weak his
moustache with his handanna handkerchief; a rare
week, girls, I must be off to my Den." he said. "I'm off to my
Den. And ... I'm sure Mama would
"Let me know when your mother; ready to see me" he
said. "I'm off to my Den" He stood for a moment,
stout among them, a splendid figure of a man, still,
& then, pinching his three daughter by the ear, &
strode off to his own room. They all relaxed
immediately. Eleanor poured herself out another
cup of tea. But in a moment Captain Poyster was
back, Eleanor poured as if he had been caught in an
some guilty act: and. But there was a look on
their father's face that they all knew always alarmed
them made them all feel guilty.
"Has anyone remembered to write to Harry this week?"

only one question asked:

rare as the son of the parents old friends,

he "

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he demanded. The Sutton looked at each other guiltily.
Remember are often to walk to Hanny and tonight" He'll
he said." She ~~noted that Milly would go to the Blakes~~
It seemed to her that Milly was had the right to go to the Blakes
party: Milly was the elder: but Delia was her father's
favourite. Delia had the money will of the two. "Delia is
a selfish little pig" Eleanor thought as she was thinking,
when Rose standing next, in a way that was the oddity demand
like her father, brushed the crumbs from her frock and stood
"May I go to Lamleys?" Lamleys was the toyshop at the end of the
~~that~~ in Abbotsford Road. "It's much too late" said
Eleanor. But Rose, said that the shop was open on Friday till
Wait till to morrow
Seven. It was not quite half past six. "Look for can go if
uncle Edward had Rose for a puckered. Owing
to the fact that nurse had had stayed so long in company with
Henderson
at Haldeyns, they had had to leave the house
that afternoon not been able to go round by Lamleys
as nurse had promised. But Lamleys did not shut till
seven. There was still time to buy the red squirt
upon which she had set her heart. "Ask Bobby to go
look for them" said Eleanor. It was impossible to wait
till to morrow. She must have the squirt that night in her
bath. Uncle Edward had given her a shilling.
"Well then, ask Bobby to go with you" said Eleanor
realising that to wait for a child after, too much the
little girl cared. "But Bobby won't. He's busy he-
cause" said Rose. "Then ask Nurse" said Eleanor.
always I'll ask Nurse" said Rose moving towards the
door. "You're on no account to go
"Oh yes he will if you ask him nicely" said Eleanor.
And if she won't, ask Nurse" Rose moved towards
the door. "Anyhow you're not to go alone" said
Eleanor, commandingly, as the door shut, because
for though Abbotsford Haa is only two minutes from
Aberdour Terrace, Away it was not safe for a
little girl of ten to go alone.
And now the Sutton settled down in the lamplight

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to enjoy perhaps the nicest moment in the day.... But their ~~between~~ were
soon interrupted. As the clock struck seven, a the
unmistakable sound of Morris's latch key – no two people ~~in~~
a ~~front door~~ latch key ~~in the same way~~ – was heard at the door; ~~&~~
the girls at once busily re-arranged their postures & their
brother came in. Morris Pargiter ~~was perhaps~~ the ~~adopted~~ ~~his~~
cleverest of the Pargiters. Rather to his father's disgust he had gone ~~to~~
the Bar. ~~But already~~, though he was only twenty four, he was
~~been~~ had already attracted favourable attention; ~~& it was said~~
today received a brief marked twenty ~~five~~ guineas. ~~He was in~~
high spirits. ~~They~~ ~~He~~ ~~he told his sisters~~ ~~with~~ & ~~there was a~~
And now the three sisters were left alone, round the tea table.
Eleanor put down her cup & leant back in her chair.
How large the Drawing room looked; how ~~long~~ ~~ugly~~ it
seemed after ~~Cannon~~ ~~Abbey~~ Lemon Grove! It was so nice ~~to~~
looking through at the trees in the back garden. The buds
were just beginning; ~~&~~ ~~as~~ ~~one~~ the ~~young~~ light did show up
the shabbiness of the chair covers – But there was the
aware of some tension in the atmosphere. It was that ~~made~~ she
party at the Blakes. She did wish people wouldn't say
"Bring one of your daughters". She wished they would say
which ~~daughter~~ ~~of them~~ they wanted. ~~They~~ bring Eleanor or Milly or
Delia; as the case might be.
"Well" said Delia absently, "I shall ...". She got up
as ~~if~~ she were going ~~to~~ somewhere. She stopped. It was
not worth while ~~beginning~~ ~~to practise~~ getting out her fiddle.
Besides, she disliked practising ~~when~~ before her sisters. ~~In~~ the
They the room. ~~They~~ ~~only yesterday~~ ~~The had~~ ~~Milly had~~
~~They~~ ~~said~~, "~~One could~~ ~~one~~ had to go ~~over~~ the same
phrase ~~over~~ again & again: Besides It was already half
past 7 – There was only an hour before the dressing bell rang.
She strolled to the window that looked out on ~~the~~ the street.
~~There was~~ ~~Dark was falling~~. The houses opposite were
all exactly like had all the same little front gardens, the same
steps the same pillars the same ~~two~~ bow windows. But
they were growing dim. The lamps were being lit.
Here came a ~~lamp~~ ~~man~~ ... was it going to stop? No, it

Bessie remembered happen Cable giggled. The

after tea The Church or the harp for her profession

Dennis

Delia

She could not clean it unless she did

Bobby Called it The time the old Cow died of!

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It was too late for callers. She had a momentary thrill of ~~fe~~ it went on. No answer on. It stopped at the house four doors down the road. "Somebody's calling on the Cockables —" she said. Mrs. Milly came & stood beside her sister & they watched a young man in a top hat get out & stretch his hand up to pay the driver. "Jim doesn't part" he caught looking — said Miss Eleanor. For a moment the two girls stood at the window as the hansom jingled away. Aberdeen The crocuses were out in the front garden. The almond trees & the privets were tipped with green. a sudden Just as wind tore down the street blowing an old piece of paper in which meat had been wrapped along the pavement. Above the roofs was one ~~of~~ those red, prickly changing London sunsets which ~~reflected in the windows~~ make the bedroom windows look as if they were red & gold. There was a weldness in the spring evening which made it hard for the girls to settle to down to anything. ~~Like Eleanor~~ They had had no exercise — except a short walk to Whiteleys & back.

any occupation

"Oh my God!" said Delia suddenly, Eleanor, who was coming back into the drawing room. looked up beginning to check the figures in her rent book. startled. Delia was the discontented one of the family.

but not required.

"Look —" she said pointing her finger on the figure the head just reached — why don't you ask Papa to let you go to College?" "Ask Papa" Delia

I really do hate it when you mean

said dreamily. "I don't want to go to College. I want to go abroad — to learn music —" Eleanor wrote £1. 15. 6 at the bottom of the column. It was that was nobody's concern. The door opened & Crosby came in. Crosby came in one by one she put all the cups, the plates, the knives & jam pots & the dishes of cake & bread & butter on a tray. She then stood the door open & put the tray on the hall table outside. She then came back & drew the curtains. Each ~~of~~ the ~~maps~~ ~~had worn a hideous check~~ carrying two lamps with the large lamps. She then went to the windows & drew the curtains. The heavy curtains of

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The
~~Ruby~~ ~~Velvet~~ curtains with a familiar click along the brass
rod; & from fell in massive folds, & from the windows
were concealed with the massive folds were obscured by
the sculptured folds of claret colored plush. In a deep
recess Schmn. Delia seemed to take upon herself a light upon the three drawing room
made yellow by the gas
tables. & ~~the~~ Delia ~~took the poker & began~~
A break up the coal Eleanor drawing briskly her chair
under the one & then finished her calculation.
"I must go & sit with Mama" she said.
"Look here hell Eleanor, said Milly, "I'll do that
for me
You've been out all the afternoon. Sit & finish the fire
& make. You deserve a rest. Bess I'll go up & make her now.
Or Papa said he would."
"But" Papa fidget her so" said Eleanor. "And then
The with "Then she got so annoyed with her she dont mean to. And
Then you already you've been in & out all day. I loved
the with her all her I'll go."
Delia however rose, & saying, no; I'm the eldest:
I have to do anything for anybody. I'm the eldest:
"It's my turn — I had cut my mamma visit with the
light and after lunch.. went out to her and then.
"She did get two hours practicing this afternoon" said Milly,
as if to exculpate herself. Certainly the other with which
& the music this Eleanor, a an to exculpate herself. The
Delia had very little chance of practice talking together, &
this the opportunity which Delia has given them was not
to be neglected refund.
"This is a bad rout, really, Delia" said Milly,
What about mama Indeed? said Eleanor.
Oh it's the night nurse now, said Milly. Mama is already
Queen Caroline that she steals the sugar. The rays
raw
she can see her shadow on the wash. I told Dr.
I offered to take the ~~refused~~ refused moving the screen —

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when they're all

Nurse was quite nice about it. People get these fancies, she said.
And it may go on for months & months & months said Eleanor.
But sometimes she seems quite herself" said Milly.
She was telling me today about her childhood.
You know, the old stories when they were children – you know
the old stories. But
"If only one could keep her off the present" said Eleanor.
We are gradually making ... We must see about
You can't take her in a
these shadows. We might try something up."
But one began to know those old stories by heart –
how did Dr. Charles run? Mike
"How Uncle John How Uncle John –
"Tuesday Harry would teach taught the like that."
The talks were interrupted by the wound up Latch key
in the front door. Now then
"Morris" said "Oh that Morris!" said Milly
irritably. "She never has a moment to herself in this
home." She was slightly jealous of her sister – attentive
for Morris. When he came in, she would get up. You
She would go & see whether she could get a hot bath.
She found Morris as he came in; & he took her seat by the
fire.

Morris Parsiter the

Queen thinking that the poor enjoy their lives more
than we do –
That's what worries her"
They were silent for a moment, looking at the fire.
"I was thinking that the poor enjoy their lives more
than we do" said Eleanor suddenly. at length last.
"The Levys Old Mr. Levy?" said Milly.
"Oh do tell me about the Levys?" said Milly –
"Your old friend, Mr. Levy"
Eleanor's parasol relations with this old
Jewess, & the Jewish worship amused her

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~~Sisters~~ were the Jews
How was your ~~old Jewess~~ today?" said Milly.
"The Levys?" ~~said Milly rather absent mindedly~~ (Not hearing Eleanor ~~Oh~~ Mrs Levy "said Milly absentmindedly. "Is the ~~glass~~ Hall? ~~brighter~~ I love hearing about the Levys" she added. ~~It was true~~ Eleanor's relations with 'the Jews' were ~~part of an~~ ~~other~~ around her family. The Levys & the Gazes & the Zwaybs - Jesse, Zadie who had ~~only~~ ~~big~~ toes on each foot - Mabel, & her tuberculas glands - ~~glands~~ their sayings & doings were ~~then~~ discussed by the Parsees: as if they were in a book; ~~but Eleanor was the only one who knew~~ ~~saw them: though but as Moors to~~ ~~unbalanced, one was~~ & it was a family joke that it was unsafe to leave a pair of old trousers in one's cupboard. Eleanor gave them to the ~~fo~~ Bart Zwaybs. ~~Moors maintained that~~ the whole of Lemon Grove was dead in her old trousers.

"They ~~buy~~ ~~buy~~ ~~more than we do~~" said Eleanor
"The ~~bad~~ ~~paid~~ her rent for a month" said Eleanor.
head jot How they manage it heaven only knows." The saw the ~~litter~~ ~~pile~~ of coins that Mrs Levy had heted up - for Shirley's pence - ~~in the drawer~~ on the mantelpiece under the clock. Lily had helped her this week. Lily's ~~came in while I was there~~
Lily and ~~they haven't handicaps~~ ~~that an~~ The came in while I was there. I suppose it was Jews. ~~He rather thinking in a way~~ fat sham pearls ~~sham emeralds~~ - they ~~do~~ love pinny ~~so~~. ~~The did look two extraordinary like a fruit stone~~ ~~the not very the stuff~~ - Emeralds as big as hens eggs - I rather think the pants. Mrs
Mrs Meadows ~~Mrs I am awfully good sort though~~ You can't get away under an hour when they want talking.
an artist teacher all about wholesome dreams? said Milly.
a good daughter ~~The Everything comes in,~~" said Eleanor. "Everything's Discussed, ~~quite freely~~ Mrs Levy's funeral ~~is awful~~ ~~when~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ Imagine. Discussing how one was going to be buried - ~~when~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ The made Lily show me the night gown. Magic And their pinny Jot ~~all~~ ~~windy~~ but away.

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to have a proper grace, all to himself. Isaac has pronounced him that.
And "some letter letters" for them that been good to me" —
I wish I could remember her words! — (I'm afraid that is all the
one the other hand!) & them "that ridden in their coaches shall
me (I wish) id remember her words) when I was a whole world
wedder woman a morning, many (her hands) when my letter
Charles & the father sitting side — them that proud by riding
in their coaches — (that the rich brothers who made a
fortune out of holes) ... But what he is to be, has to be.
I cannot nobody. I give dear nothing, my. I dont ask your Charity
I said. — They are, of course, extraordinarily good to such
often — the poor. While I was there at least three neighbours
looked in. I wish I could it me into her words.

a hatful
grass in
Lucies up
in her
pan

is Lily what he might call I mean is the right. He
Eleanor broke it. "I cant get the words right.. He
talks like the Bible. And then Lily the girl openly bursts, a
Ma cant cant much longer. He there heads nothing but
wind & water. Lily mother brother hole.
The little picture of the woman Canning Street Lemon flame
hung for a moment before the sisters. Then Eleanor said
Lily said, they looked at each a dimm relief & then
"I suppose we were could be what you liked, —
I know what I should do" said Eleanor. what would you be!
"I shouldnt love like that, said Eleanor, looking round the room —
& Eleanor, quietly, at the oil portrait of her mother —
when they was young, that hung over the fireplace
manchester. & I should) I should like a room,
somewhere in quite a poor neighbourhood: &
& then) I should get to know the people: & then)
quite down all there are just little slums &
well, that they speak, in a bella fashion — if I had the money
"I suppose most things make plans" said Eleanor madly.
And then they marry. D'you suppose we should marry!
Eleanor sat back in her chair looked at the
portrait of her mother a a young woman that hung
over the mantelpiece. She was all in white: the head
long: she was a silly simpering picture. Her mother

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had never been beautiful, but she had had a great kind of
Knowledge, until illness — her illness — had brought decay
overcame her, which the artist had smoothed & refined into
insipidity.

'Whether to be, or to be' she said, reading Mr Levy.
Hamlet, the Blakes party. He moved about the room
openly. Even now I was conscious that there was
how much reticence existed between the sisters. Eleanor knew
that Milly was 'attracted' by Roger Blake: she knew that the
But she could not say to her straight out & so destroy
She could not She did not even know that for Milly, who was
nineteen, knew about marriage. There were things about
Lenin from had never a married life and never lived her family:
Levy had but She could have forgot . . .

"Oh there's Morris!" Exclaimed Milly irritably.
We never get a moment alone in the house."
She pushed up as her brother came in. He was not
merely that she liked talking to her sister. She without
admitted it she was jealous of their relationship
Eleanor: Morris had always been devoted to each other.
make an effort to get into the bath." "Yes Milly said, pang him in
"I shall try & get a bath" Jelling into the bath"
the door. He was always
was a feat that required some skill an unusual combination
of skill, force, skill, & luck. For a there was only one
bath room at 56 Aberdeen Terrace; the there
was not be somebody else in the bath. He was
likely to be there. They might have taken all the hot water.
As can be found in the vicinity of the house, upon the
good temper of the cook, & this with mens in the house
requiring to have their meals served separately on trays,
varied from day to day. Jelling fluctuated, violent
from day to day. Jelling it was more than
Eleanor to get into the bath first. a fear
people succeeded, feeling ran high: the kettle tray,
merely get into the bath, but to get into the bath first.
kettle tray, He was Therefore steam essential, not
that he was difficult

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~~that it sound famous; that~~.
Moreover 'the children' had a further claim: & then, Hugh Milly
~~wanted upstairs~~ started upstairs. She did not ~~think of~~
~~job for Thorpe~~, & began to undress, just before she had ~~delivered~~ a
rabbit at the bath room door; found it locked; & ~~commanded~~
told her brother ~~must be~~ to jump into bed at once. The glass
pane of frosted glass ~~was~~ in the bathroom door was steaming.
The water had been hot; but would it be hot by the time she got
there? ~~Would Bobby~~ One could only pray in a dreary jour-
hope for the best.

Mary cried for ~~quite~~ a while.

Morris Paryeter came in & sat down in Melly's Chair,
He was the eldest of the Paryeters: ~~the was at the Bar~~, & he had
& was at the Bar. ~~But~~ no briefs had yet come her way, & as he had
~~& yet no briefs had come her way~~, & the But as no briefs had
This was by his own choice, & against his father's wish. &
rather
Rather against her father's will he was read gone to the Bar.
He was ~~by~~ travelling to ~~Ayr~~ Mrs. Sanders Carry Kl: ~~but~~
He looked ~~but~~ no briefs had yet come her way.
Would he ever be able to support himself; & ~~expected~~ her
Had he done been a fool to ~~refuse~~ Uncle Josephs offer of
a post in the family business? ~~but he debated~~
business & he loved the Law. These thoughts
worried him. & ~~made him look~~ He looked a little
& jaded already — he was no longer the boy that Eleanor
had ~~when a boy~~ in Carey's, ~~high Spirits~~ self-confidence.
Eleanor was convinced that he would succeed — She had
pleaded for him with her father. ~~& knew he was a born~~
~~success~~ ~~He had~~ Morris could never ~~did not yet on work~~
her father. Eleanor had ~~could~~ was never ~~did not yet on~~ work
Captain & ~~at last won the day~~ & loved him, at last to
her father. Now Eleanor who had branded the
apes. In that knew therefore Eleanor
They were in league together, as they had always been as children.
the others' only. When Morris went to school
Eleanor took his old monkey to bed with her.
So now they sat over the fire, & Morris

& ~~when he was working~~ He knew & loved her.

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how he had been hanging about in Court most the day. the boys
watching a Case — the Evans Case was still going on.

"About the Right of way?" said Eleanor. which is going to win?

But Morris, though the Evans Case raised some very interesting points, did not want to talk about Law Cases Law
with his sister. Dear old Eleanor got He had tried to
explain; but "the female" as he put it "hasn't got a
legal mind". She didn't see the point Eleanor muddled
things up when he tried to explain. She did all to them.
She had tried to explain Cases to Eleanor: but she muddled things up.
Perhaps she did not attend to what he said. do they
talked [illegible] about [illegible] where he had lunched:
about old Sanders temper; about Jeffers the clerk: about ...
Curing's temper
products of flowers.

Eleanor, looking up her flowers. "No chance of a bride.
I suppose" said Morris: — you don't think I've been an
awful fool about the Bar, do you Eleanor" he said, hoping
Nothing badly at all — "I mean — Isha has an awful lot of
Expenses to be kept up: ask her — Mrs. Harvey at once,
Bobby going to boarding school. Papa must find things to be able to
help a little bit more." I'll let me when I'm going to be able to
Eleanor: repay you."

My dear Mother, said Eleanor, "
"My dear Morris" said Eleanor, "Oh you'll be
Lord Chancellor one of these days" "No doubt about it"
said Eleanor, — feeling perfect confidence that her brother
Though, even as she spoke, she knew that she had
once more forgotten whether he was the
Common Law Judge or Chancery: how
whether he ought not to have said Lord Chief Justice, instead of Lord Chancellor. He was
brought home to tell her about Cases now: because
but the other wished that he had been better educated.
Morris was going up telling her about his Cases.
They the Law was so very difficult to follow.
And as Morris was going up telling her about his Cases;

He heard the Evans Case:

I had made me.

He found

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I then kept back a good deal about the Levys ~~I began a letter~~
pretty Morris called them 'the poor' two. As they had been
such friends when they were children – they had shared
Everything – she could remember bringing them back a
piece of toffee in a hankie hand thinking.
"Lord that the dreary hell" said Morris, getting up.
"I suppose there's no chance of a bath."

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What is unpublished, because this
novel of Mark Schendel's lost its
[illegible] value when a great many
facts — War & Peace is a
very long book how long
War & Peace is —
I never an image in the whole book — which belongs to this
novel's vision —

as you work on, you can
help me out with your imagination

Oct 28nd

[*] Mrs is what at 56 Abelone Terrace

That is this happened/on March 16th 1880 —
You will say that it is a long time ago — you will say -
over fifty years ago. What has that got to do with
the present moment? How far can what bearing has
March 16th 1880 upon March 16th 1932.? on March 16th
1880. That is more than fifty years ago: & as you will
see, from this Sketch - these fifty years family they have
changed so fifty years very greatly. Those
young women, Milly Delia & Eleanor, are, a mixture
of pity & contempt in you. They are, young, &
healthy & they have nothing to do with their youth &
their health but chase the shoots at Wimbledon, &
look out of the window at peep behind the blinds
at young men going to call next door. Did you ever go to College?
a moment thought will. But if you think for
moment you will remember that Girton the Women's
Colleges were only just in Girtona: there was a
great prejudice moreover against them. Men of intellect
disliked them very much. Walter Bagehot for instance,
when he was asked to help in founding Girton
replied,

So that Cassham Parsiter was not an intellectual man:
but he rejected them & like Bagehot. but he
would have agree with them that a girl's place
was the home; & he would And even if he were
Even of Delia who was his favourite, had got a scholarship
gone to him in her study & helped him with his
Latin. somehow wheedled him into giving his
Consent Still there would have been the money difficulty.
With Maurice P. Attorris at the Bar &
three sons to educate, Cassham Parsiter might
reasonably have said "My dear I would if I
could — but just look at these bills!" Delia

I have only been able to give the cat two

Essay

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Lovable character

was not one of those ~~rare & Unmarkable, if disagreeable, people,~~
who can ~~Carry their~~ ~~make themselves~~ disagreeable.
Yet then own way at the expence of other people's feelings.
She ~~had not the~~ She would have been more interesting
~~had~~ had she been able to say "If you ~~will~~ cut down Harry's ~~allowance~~ to a cheaper school,
allowance, if you give up sending Bobby to Eton, & ~~send him~~
then would be enough for me to do to College — or to ~~Germany~~ Germany, ~~which is~~ where I shall be taught music ~~properly~~ properly, — but neither Bobby Harry nor Bobby would
have liked her; & Delia was one of those people who
like being hired. That is ~~was one of the difficulties~~ why
Parsifal ~~Julius in 1880~~ one of the reasons then, why the
Parsifal Julius ~~did not go to College~~ in 1880.
~~why~~ they stayed at home & had ~~why Signor Morelli~~ Morelli
had violin lessons from Signor Morelli; & ~~hence why that~~
~~were the despair of that~~ ~~sacrificed~~ ~~& had~~ little man, who lived
~~who had been teaching young ladies~~, in Maida Vale &
supported his aged mother, ~~nothing~~ his glorious operas,
~~which~~ they were never played, ~~but by teaching young~~
~~but~~ ~~which he hated~~. ~~they~~
~~which he thought the most~~ ~~waste of time~~. How he hated
teaching young ladies the violin. "~~They don't practise~~
It was ~~there~~ waste of time. "They don't practise — They
~~won't take it seriously~~" he said, ~~And yet~~
~~not taking~~ he loved, in Italian, to hear, make,
as they called the maccaroni would then fork &
~~in their~~ after these dreadful lessons. The Signora was an
excellent cook. ~~He was also an admirable musician~~.
~~Giuseppe~~ Giuseppe How is it that women can be so
musical; ~~but~~ has yet why is it that no woman
has ever been a great composer? ~~the~~ Giuseppe
~~that no~~ Giuseppe used would ask when the dishes had
played him into a good temper after the meal. The ~~was a~~
~~an admirable~~ played admirably. Perhaps Delia
was right — perhaps one must go to Germany, be
taught, if one wants to write music seriously.

with great pleasure under his eye,

as he had once loved,

take up a violin, play it

twanged

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Perhaps the practice of any art requires at least during adolescence,
a good deal of Lard work, & a room of one's own – to a
Quiet room, if you are a musician; a room with a
north light if you are a painter. Milly Parsiter,
whom you are rather inclined to despise, for all her
interest in the young man next door, & her rather
imitating trait way of bringing the conversation round,
indirectly, to the subject of marriage, was very fond of
painting. Milly Even painting, which seems so
simple an art, needs a room with a north light
& models. Milly had a turn for painting. She had
asked her father to let her But there were no
Much there were it would have been possible for her to go to
the Slade – the Slade was opened to women in 18 – –
painting at the Slade painting from the nude.
Vehement young as far as his father (The Rev. Canon
Parsiter 1790 – 1825) Captain who possibly (1800–1865)
her daughter Caroline paint who also had a turn that way
from painting, became so strongly unthinkable that a Girl should see a naked man,
Captain Parsiter did not much like the idea. Milly
Coloured books with Landscapes & flowers. went
to Sketching classes joined a Sketching club.
in which she
painted flowers in her bedroom. Her sketches
most successful Sketch – of a Cottage in Jersey – was
hung in the dining room. beside under the dagger.
over the mantelpiece.

But we do not want to spend too much time
over these details In reading a novel if it is a novel
of any value, we must from time to time, lay it down,
& shut our eyes to the detail, & try to realize
bring before the mind the structure on which
that is those constructions which though often
Austen, very deeply underlying subtly stated, are yet as a rule not to
however controlling the always there, in a novel of
any merit, controlling. the apparently inevitable

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Neither the Ds, with obvious differences, in life.

Incidents

How of the ~~principle~~ Scenes. Last of all ~~In a novel, to~~ in
Considering the life of the Pargiters, it is ~~unnecessary to~~
well from time to time to ask ourselves, what are the
Convictions that were controlling their ~~Here~~ lay beneath them?
~~Their lives – upon what beliefs, a Convention was the~~
What If we put our eyes to the detail – how people
Crosby came in with the tea cake – how Eleanor took off her
gloves & so on – we shall find underlying ~~that Here the~~
~~that particular Scene two~~ certain convictions, which
are ~~not stated, but~~ underlying that particular Scene
& controlling it. so that strict & collective ~~of~~ succession or ~~their~~ underlies
~~the is money; & the other is love.~~ every
They are ~~not~~ very deeply hidden — one is money; the other is love.
The Pargiters were well off, compared with many people.
Colonel Pargiter had inherited some fifteen hundred a year
from his father, the Canon. His wife, Rose Dalton, had
brought him eight or nine hundred. & he had his pension as a
retired navy officer. But Therefore the money principle
~~was not~~ did not interfere violently ~~in their lives~~
~~servants~~ when they had tea – servants waited on them;
There was cake & tea cake & bread & butter; the Colonel
could just afford to indulge his hobby for collecting
stamps; & the sons were given educations which
must have cost ~~ever~~ from start to finish well over
£2000 a piece. Kingsley who was brought up in much the same way
~~cost~~ ~~Eleven~~ that her brothers education cost £2000: but
reckoning that the Pargiters went to school when they were
eleven, & stayed at college till they were 21, that ~~amounts~~ to
makes a sum of £3,000 for each boy: nine thousand
for the three of them. The girls of course, cost less;
but it is difficult to say exactly what the cost of ~~the~~ their education
~~Mallets or Shaws~~ education was – "I don't know";
Mary Kingsley wrote "if I ever revealed to you the
fact that I was allowed to learn German was
all the paid-for education I ever had." ~~That~~

& blew into the fingers,

Nor are these principles.

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50 4

Molly, Eleanor. The Parsites had no income whatever known.
& Eleanor Though they never went to school or had a governess,
they attended classes at Bedford College. Thus their education
may well have cost Captain Parsites fifty pounds a year each; or
that is, for the four of them. But then there were allowances. Morris
& Eleanor had to have an allowance, while he was
directly for Sandem Curry, Q.C.: it may have been round about
a hundred & fifty a year. The girls had to have pin money, for clothes & presents
Perhaps they had thirty or forty pounds a year altogether
Then, although they lived very comfortably in Aberdeen Terrace,
money was of important consideration
before they as we have seen Phyllis could not have pressed
her father to let her go to Switzerland even with in a
thousand other ways - Morris for example, having only one pair of trousers.
But to build another would have cost too much Morris had a
Girls had to spend an absurd amount of time & money on dress
to dress decently, going to dales & Switzerland every year
writing to Miss Edward, the small dressmaker, who
could make up materials cut out
well, but had to stand over her. for another £30 a year to
So for asking for another £30 a year to
go to Germany, that was out of the question.
Thus money was the present money principle did
make itself felt had its effect upon the Parsites the family,
lives of the Parsites; children; & even more, naturally, upon
Captain Parsites himself. The money belonged
entirely to him. The Parsites liability for it proper
use was his. He was a rich man, a good deal richer than he
pretended: He & made from time to time, an new that he
investment which added to his capital But
in improving his following the money market,
& cultivating his brokers. But the fact that
he was the the money was entirely his,

until they could save up

an arrangement was made by

& Their father liked them to

& often amended

was altered

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had it effect on him —

heavily laid to spend her money freely

& that and & their strives attempts that he made to

~~in earnest~~ that none of his sons or daughters could take up a profession or marry without asking ~~for~~ his help consent. ~~had it effect~~ his position even on gave him a position of ~~extreme~~ power & responsibility. ~~Indeed~~ None of the Paynter And though her ~~husband~~ ~~of his behaved~~ was a just man, & held his money in trust for his children, it was inevitable that ~~they should sometimes~~ there should be occasional discontent ~~disagreements~~, & ~~occasional~~ when he ~~used~~ some regret, & & ~~occasional dislike~~ the temptation to ~~of~~ surround him, & ~~to~~ ~~just a reason inevitable that he should~~ that ~~he~~ bring accustomed to command as he was, he should ~~in private~~ enjoy the his power, & ~~the~~ and, as time went on, to be a little secretive about the amount of his income. His children never knew exactly how ~~much it~~ & ~~was~~. much or poor he was. ~~He~~ His income varied with his mood. Love was as ~~was~~ the other power that lay beneath the surface of the Paynter family & helped to control their lives. ~~But~~ a Nana at the tea party. Here is proof to show that love is not a simple emotion, which we do see we always recognise when ~~we~~ ~~visited~~ we see it. ~~There were~~ Several kinds ~~of~~ love at 5 ~~of~~ Aberlour Terrace on the ~~4~~ 17th March 1880 as the enemy of mankind 17th 1880 Captain Paynter loved his children — but his love for them was different, naturally, from their love from him. ~~They loved him too~~ His love had a mixture of pride & protection — he looked forward to the time when, ~~from~~ ~~now~~ ~~grown~~ old himself, his sons would be & his daughter, married, all dear one perhaps ~~who~~ ~~would~~ ~~would~~ live with him, brought their babies to ~~blow~~ open the old gold watch, & hunt for baby crowns ~~hidden~~ behind ornaments, or buried in the other ~~of the~~ ~~way~~ that ~~he~~ ~~loved~~ James ~~was~~ ~~his~~ children. That was a strong element in the love his children had for him. They always remembered ~~how he would~~ his games, when he was home on leave, ~~in~~ at ~~the~~ Shore side

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however with large sashes that Mama would take in a hurry
when she knew there was a chance of their being wet through.
Mama was rather worried & bothered; but Papa was
always wet feet & torn clothes: but Papa never bothered. He
& wrapped about their clothes;
took them ~~boating~~ sailing, & fishing, & showed them how to build
big waves, & carved ~~rigged up~~ boats for them, &
three masted sailing ships for them — knew them into the
sea: made them run races: taught them how to rig boats, how
to build big waves. Even now, they loved him because
of what the games he had played in the summer holiday years
ago. Then Arthur loved Eleanor in one way - frankly, rather
carnally; & Nelly loved her in another - strenuously
rather dependently, and Bobby who was eleven twelve
had a crush, but completely hidden passion concealed passion
for Miss Miriam Parish. She was a friend of Eleanor's,
a pretty, but silly girl, & rather plain, & rather quiet.
But Bobby thought her so intoxicatingly lovely that
when she came to tea, to talk about Lenore alone & the
boys, he would recite lonely in the hall, & get
possession of her umbrella, or of her mackintosh — the
almost always left something in the hall — so that
If only a strong bag
when she came out & looked for it, he would come slip
forward in a casual way, carrying the umbrella & say,
'Is this what you're looking for?' & then she had to
thank him.

Morris again loved Eleanor again loved
Morris, more perhaps than she loved anybody; &
differently. He was always her elder brother. the same man
Looked up to, as
Lord Lee Chancellor, a Lord Chief Justice, a Duke to her:
whom she had reverenced very literally, very humbly;
& he was also the little boy who always played & was there
Gamesmaker like Edward: used to come to her with
stories about God. He & everybody liked Ned better than they
liked him: & he hated Papa; & Mary — he was
like a little boy whom she nursed & knew bravely the
Chaplain were at school — Egypt the Parrys. And then he

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would talk her all about Hugh & Dick until Eleanor felt
that convinced that they were practically the same as the identical
the same as Wellington & Nelson - these when those young little boys,
who were now clerks at something in Lloyds.

Nov. 5th

This scene, in the Parisian drawing room, on the 16th March
1880, which it depends upon for its effectiveness upon
largely upon its truth to the extent to which the degree of
truth, of - truth of fact, as distant from truth of vision,
which it contains. The jingling of hansom bells, the
In order to silence perhaps it may be advisable to
comfortable, a dwell for a moment - not so much
upon the jingling of hansom bells, as the dead
comfortable which which, in 1880, were the as
fanciful lights & sounds of our enemy in 1880,
as the hoot of cars & the cold clarity of electric
light are true, but upon the more important
differences which such a scene reveals. That
three healthy girls should be sitting round a tea table
with nothing better to do than to change the sheets at
which keep behind the blinds at young men
who happen to be calling not daring but seeing
may seem incredible. And yet this fact seem to support that
life. There were colleges for women in existence,—
Girton was opened in 1873 — but & Eleanor Milly -
Delia regret therefore have gone, either to Girton or to
Newnham or to Somerville. But there was a
certain prejudice against women's colleges, which
regret could

Bagehot wrote for example, which might well
have deterred girls themselves from going, &
have influenced a man like Colonel Pazil's
though he was not to more intellectual than

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any whites of respectable attainments usually are. If they then did they not play games? It was a fine young day! But in 1880 women played very few games. "I should have been a little one in games, but we had no games" writes a distinguished lady who went was at school in the eighties. True there was, it appears, I had been for some time what were called 'physical Education' — But this meant 'dancing & the study of deportment (e.g. graceful manner & the proper way to behave in society)"; Elsie at school was, "limited to walking round the garden wearing a black board." The black board was 'a wooden bar about 2 ft. 6 ins. long ..." & you walked round the garden with the blackboard placed across the shoulder blades, "& holding the hands, palms forward at the level of the shoulders." — a game that was rather salutary for one might suffer, rather than hooligan. On the other hand, Dickens really might have taken their manners & their painting seriously. On the other hand, perhaps. ... & Dickens had 2 — & the comment that I add to the men went to be, as he ate his every meal with his old mother in Maiden Vale, Bath — (the theme in Italics) whatever the age they grow

He never again loved Eleanor perhaps more deeply than he loved anyone. But his love for her was both dependent — he needed her sympathy in many ways — & he was also curiously that he was her protector her Champion; — a feeling so that that, for besides giving him a particular kind of a feeling that not only made him peculiarly as proud of her, but modified made him — for love, & worse, as respected he would always depend her, on which led him & come to look for his friends the Lorings when he came to visit them look upon the John Lorings & visits, of Sunday, rather

I

The

preceding

he would

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with an hostility, ~~a victorious~~ a jealousy which he had never felt when they were boys. So, too, Milly's love for Morris was always diminished & checked by the jealousy of the Eleanors peculiar affection for him - It was in her with ~~good temper~~ that she went off to try & get into the bath that evening leaving Morris, as she knew he would, to ~~talk~~ urge into her own chair & talk to Eleanor. They both ~~Both~~ wished her to leave them alone.

some bitterness

~~But the~~ But besides these kinds of love, ~~which can~~ each of which ~~could be analysed as almost~~ is susceptible of ~~an~~ infinitely analysis, ~~there there~~ another kind of love] Also there was Rose's love for her father - a love so ~~entire devoted~~ & implicit & awe stricken - that she thought her father as a god who was infallible & omnipotent, that it was more like that of a savage for a fire god or thunder - a ~~indeed~~ perhaps anthropologists would do well to study children's passions ~~when they~~ & when they want to understand the ~~savage~~ primitive emotions - Rose's was like a ~~person passion affection~~ Moore's feeling for his sisters, or the Colmels for his wife.

Complete -

But besides these kinds of love, each of some susceptible of infinitely further analysis, ~~there was~~ another ~~love~~ kind of love was present in that evening in the Bayeters drawing room: a different kind of love. It was not for a sister or for a son: it was not for any person in particular: it was the feeling that came to Delia & Milly when they heard the Colmel told them she Brooke dinner party, & mentioned Hugh: & they felt something like the same emotion again when they peeped behind the curtain & saw the young man in a top hat ~~felt out~~ get out of the hansom cab two doors lower down the street. ~~Neither of them felt any~~

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a new

the emotion was ~~a general~~ so generalized that the object of it
could scarcely be traced. ~~Even almost for an~~ the
thought or the presence of some one or the other of them had
the power to quicken in each of them a ~~sense of their own~~
body; of something entirely, thoroughly unknown,
existing, & that stimulated them in her the sense
Consciousness of her body. Who would ~~in~~ each a
certain hostility - Delia ~~hated~~ ~~Milly~~ Milly, Milly & Delia,
was a rival who would ~~being~~ interfere this excitement,
this stimulus; & the thought of each Delia & Milly
went to their personal appearance, & to their clothes.
Delia ~~affected~~ remembered ~~that~~ with a start of joy that
she had ~~seen~~ worn Mrs Edwards had just sent
back her ~~new~~ pink silk Evening dress: she was glad that,
in the ~~latest~~ ~~confuse about~~ fearfully unclean about
clothes, Milly had plumbed for a new cloak, & had
decided to wear her Every day another season.
And both, as they stood at the window had seen a
woman pass, pushing a perambulator. The
sight of the baby had stirred in each quite a
different emotion. Milly had felt a curious
though quite unanalysed, desire to look at the baby, to
hold it, to feel ~~the rapture~~ of body, to press her lips to the
cake of its neck - whereas Delia had felt, also
without being fully conscious of it, a vague
uneasiness, ~~as~~ as if the ~~were expected to feel~~
longer emotion ~~which in fact she~~ were expected of her
which for some reason, some vaguely discreditable reason,
she did not feel; or they, instead of following the
perambulator, as he had done, with her eyes, she
turned, & came back ~~at~~ abruptly into the
room, ~~as~~ to exclaim, a moment later "O my God",
as the thought struck her that she would never be
allowed to go to for many, many years.

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There were all these kinds of love then, in the Papelers
drawing room on the 16th March 1880 (& many more in the)
Kitchen. Beat — in existence, & openly or secretly,
in existence, named in the Papeler drawing room on the
Evening of March 16th 1880; & since the drawing room of 56 Abercorn Terr
was after all only a small space parted off from
the rest of London, the same forces
that could be seen in the boys existed presumably
outside; & must also be taken into
account by anyone who should wish to estimate
the forces which influenced the Papeler family on that particular evening.
When Eleanor, for example, raised her sullen head
Caught sight of "The was leaning on the fact that
a young man was on the pavement two doors down; &
that he was, became then ex, evidently a certain interest in
her sullen; & that they must on no account be
finally she was acknowledging whatever of any
Casually briefly as one talks a total stranger so well
known to Eugene, that the girls must hide their
interest in the young man —
bare one of the most Nothing perhaps was more
influenced the lives of the Papeler in March 1880 more
powerfully, more completely than the principle what love
of love what may be called, to distinguish it from the
identified different loves of the drawing room, may be
Called the Great love, Common love, love in General.
It affected the lives of the girls far more strongly than it
affected the lives of their brothers. Eleanor, Nelly,
Delia could not possibly go for a walk alone —
save in the streets round about Absalom Terrace, &
then only between the hours of eight thirty &
sunset. An accident might make an
interval for Eleanor, when she went to Lisson

Artistically
That excluded the Papelers inside the room were certainly people who were not Papelers outside & that their outside friends had an effect upon the emotion affected the lives of the
That (no) appeal is need.
Then love

NYPL

Settlement

Grove, but even the whose mission was charitable, was
expected to either to take a cab, or to get one of the Girls at the
Office to see her into the Omnibus, if she went to a
meeting or Concert after dark. For any of them to walk in
the West End, even together was out of the question.
Not one of them had ever walked down Bond Street
was as impassable, save with a brother, or their mother or a
brother, as any swamp alive with Crocodiles. The
Burlington Arcade was nothing but a fever Stricken
den as far as they were concerned. To be seen alone in
Piccadilly was an Equivalent to walking up Aberdeen
Terrace in a dressy form Carrying a hair Trunk. And
Facing an Invalid all such Streets, ale A large radius
of the West End indeed was closed to them, whether by day or
by night, unless they went with a brother, or father mother,
& if Even their the hansom Cab, in which they
were forced to make their transit of the dangerous
area had to have both its doors Glass sets door that.
The Parents of some, though these Cousins had married
Earls, & & some were Wife Shopkeepers up at in
Yorkshire, occupied a middle station, & were
as free to walk about Aberdeen Terrace alone.
They were not, whereas some of their distant relations,
were in the dismal predicament I described by
a Lady Loveland "being unable to leave the
house on a summers day. Indeed" & "those
many a long dull summer afternoon have I
pained" remained indoors because there was no
room for me in the family carriage & no
Lady's maid who had time to walk out
with me. We lived "in Lady Loudan Gardens,
near St James's Street & all the clubs, so
that for my Father & me to go out alone, into
the Streets would have been to defy the social
taboo in its severest form. B But there
were, as I remember, a great deal of Squares

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& terraces in the outlying Districts where young girls could
at least go about ~~in pairs~~" — Happily for the
Parents the ~~Thurlows~~ Absalom Terrace came under this
heading, & they could walk there alone. ~~On the other~~
~~hand, their mothers~~ at any rate between the
hours of nine thirty & dusk. With the influence of
this threat or common law was ~~extremely~~ felt at every
turn — it affected their liberty — it affected their purses — &,
since their mother was an invalid, it greatly
diminished their chances of meeting friends, since ~~to go~~ it
was impossible to go to a party without a chaperon. &
though friends were very kind, it was impossible always
to make sure that an elderly lady would be able to
go with them to a dance. ~~Further~~, ~~however~~, however, too,
~~their~~ the prevalence of this ~~form~~ love, & ~~the fierce~~
& the necessity of keeping it, ~~preyed~~ affected
them mentally, as well as physically. They did sometimes
walk down Bond Street alone: they had peeped in to the
Burlington Arcade; & they had lied to both their
parents quite often. ~~on their duty~~ about it. More profoundly
they lied to each other, to themselves. Both Delia &
Milly ~~took~~ blushed ~~with~~ in a peculiarly shame when
Eleanor said 'Dont be caught looking' — they
~~knew it was~~ wanted to look at the young man:
they knew it was wrong to look: they did look: they
were caught looking: they ~~dubbed~~ knew caught: they
were ashamed, indignant, ~~confused~~, — all in one —
& the feeling, since it was never exposed, rose layer
by layer, or a jiggle, wriggled deep down into their
minds. & sometimes woke them in the middle of the
night from ~~curious~~ with nervous sensations,
unpleasant dreams that seemed ~~she~~ to come
from this one fact — that Absalom Terrace
was besieged on all sides by what may be called
~~street~~ love. Common love. General love: a love
that ~~was~~ differed from the other loves under the
drawing room.

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~~Mrs Hallard of Col Allardyce Post~~ was to
been The ~~w~~ complex a subject ~~for~~ only to be touched upon very
briefly & But so complex & important an emotion
can scarcely be analyzed, effectively, a quotation from the
w the novel may ~~help to~~ ~~cause it casts a different~~ Peter
may help to bring the scene was into a better perspective.
Rose, it may be remembered, the little girl often, had
asked Eleanor if she might go round to Lumley
& buy a toy after tea. ~~Ellen~~ Eleanor had said she
might go if she could get Bobby to go with her.
"He is not to go alone" she had warned her, as the
child left the room.

Rose shut the drawing-room door behind her, &
went slowly upstairs. She considered the matter, as she
went. ~~Nurse would have put out her things in the day~~
~~nursery~~; She was keen upon getting the fleet of
ducks & swans to swim in her bath to night. That
was of prime importance. They might be sold or the
wanted tell tomorrow – anyhow she could not possibly
wait – She wanted them now, this instant. She had a
battleship & a three masted clipper: She must have the
ducks & the swans to float with them. Nurse always
allowed her five minutes play in the bath every night,
while she folded up the clothes. And then Rose
swirled the water about in great waves. She
The division of the swans & ducks ~~ending~~ up. Down
among the reefs was overwhelmingly attractive.
She ~~opened the~~ went into the day nursery first.
Nurse was sitting under a green shaded lamp,
busying ~~round~~ round the wheel of the sewing machine.
Mrs. C. was in the basket chair by the fire place.
Mrs. C. (her real name was Cartmoron: but she was a
nurses great friend, & used to come from Shepherds Bush

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about twice a week, with the washing & something.) & then
Mrs C. was still sipping her tea. It was quite useless to ask
Grace to come out again to Langley. She would take a pen
cotton between her front teeth
out of her mouth & say she had a bone in her leg."
Rose therefore, said she was just going to get hers. "Run along
& fetch your sewing" Nurse remarked; "You'll never be
done for Papa's birthday at this rate". Rose was
embroidering a long boot bag for Papa's birthday. She was
embroidering a design drawn by Molly of wild roses in
red & green cotton. She pretended that she had left her
workbag down stairs. & left the room,
on the landing below & very cautiously opened the door.
Bobby considered that he had a right to the school room
between tea & dinner — indeed, he was getting to establish
a right to keep all his cabinets there — his eggs cabinet, &
his butterfly & moth cabinets; — but getting the room was
not nominally still a common sitting room for them all &
it appeared &
Thus Rose entered absolutely, for Nurse
Day nursery, especially now after tea when Bobby
had his prep. to do.

Bobby was sitting at a bare kitchen table
under a lamp that had no shade at all, because it was
always being broken. The table was littered with
exercise papers & there was one great book open in
front of him; & there was a little book in front of him:
& Bobby was covering the page of the little book with his
right hand: & was memorising something in a terribly low
In fact he was learning some Greek lines by heart
Rose interrupted him He looked stranded &
& flushed. Rose interrupted him

"Blast you, Rose!" he exclaimed, thumping his
fist on the table. "Get out of here & take along with you —
what d'you want here. I don't want you here."
Rose hesitated for a moment, holding the door in her
hand; I suppose ... " the began.

As it was, Nurse looked up & said Now Rosie, so &

left the nursery.

& was secretly determined to claim it for his own room, then

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"Cut along, or I'll thy something at you" said Bobby
Crumpling up a ball of paper in her hand. Rose
remembered Eleanor's instructions to 'ask him nicely'
to go with her. But though ~~at other times~~ sometimes
Bobby & she were the best of friends, — he had given her a
sea-urchin off two nights ago as a reward for
not making a fuss when he broke the blade of her pen knife —
& they had sweared ~~to~~ to get, they saw, he was in one of his rages.
She had known that it was hopeless to ask him when he
was doing his prep. because now that he was what she
called "a proper schoolboy" he was apt to sneer at her &
feather arts if she were a baby, especially when she
interrupted his work.
So, holding the door open for a moment, & looking round
her, as it to assert that though Bobby claimed the room
school room for himself, she was not going to
give up her claim without a fight for it. ~~The Nanny~~
She was not a baby anymore to be kept with
nurse in the nursery — She departed.
Her mind was made up. She would go to Lambley alone.
As she crept very stealthily upstairs again to the night
nursery where her clothes were kept a sense of
adventure filled her. She began instinctively to
make this into a game. ~~It~~ one of those games that the
Bobby used to play, or about Red Indians. Only, as
this was ~~a~~ real in a sense that the Red Indians
game was not real She was more excited &
~~Kept~~ ~~only her attention upon~~ not more on the alert.
~~with extreme~~ Very quietly she ~~lifted~~ took her coat & hat,
but decided that as she must make from the wardrobe,
& carrying them on her arm, so that if she met anyone
on the stairs She could invent some excuse — She
did not know exactly what — She lifted down stairs, past
Each ~~lighted~~ room the nursery, past the ~~the~~ schoolroom
past her mothers room where the tea-tray was just —
cups stood outside the door, & so down into the hall.

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Crosby was in the hall, clearing away the tea things. Rose paused on at the top of the stairs & watched her. Now, Crosby had shut the drawing room door. She would take the tray down into the basement. She would wait there for a minute & then return with the lamps. Rose stepped silently in her house shoes. Carrying her coat hat into the hall, turned the latch of the front door with extreme gentleness, & ran down the steps into the street. She crouched rather low until she had gained the corner. Where the big tree in the Stapleton's garden was safe from Nobody could see her from the drawing room window now. She stood erect & put on her hat & coat. It was growing dark. She told herself that she was making preparations for her raid into the enemy's country: but that she believed for the feeling of the was half playing the Red Indian game all the time. She also felt that as she was alone, & as this was a real adventure, She added to herself that she, the daughter of Colonel Paget of Peoples Horse, was risking her neck on a deadly mission through the hostile countryside. She clenched her purse with the lady crown in it making believe that she carried there the secret message which she had to deliver to the English who were besieged in a fortress. Her head was full of the fashion old stories of the Indian Mutiny. Somehow She felt that though he would be very angry if he Caught her disobeying Eleanor, he would also be very proud of he knew that she was defying all the Sepoys who were in ambush in order to deliver his message. To the Sahib Her home, the dreaded would be Shot dead under her just as she reached Lawley Shop, which was the fortress. The Lawley was the fortress full of starving English.

It was growing dark. The street lamps had just been lit — the lamplighter was going along

Closed it with scarcely a click behind her

Or she patted on her coat,

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the other side of the road, throwing his long stick up the letter
trap door in the far lamps. An avenue of The trees in the
front gardens made a wavering net work of shadows
on the pavement, which stretched quite straight all the
way down Melrose Avenue; & then, there was the
Crossing; & Lawley's was the corner shop on the
other island of shops opposite. Rose had only to
reach that point & she was safe. And as she ran
down Melrose Avenue the her anxiety to see if
Lawley was open almost made her forget that she was
riding on a forlorn Came, until, suddenly, just by the
as she ran past the pillar box under the far lamp a
the figure of a man suddenly emerged. "The enemy — the
enemy!" Rose cried to herself, once more playing the game.
The man She seemed to hesitate; as she was doubting whether to
cross the road or not, but as Rose ran past them, he
looked & looked at her. Clenching his hand, as if to
pull the trigger of the revolver, She looked him full in the
face. Bang! she said to herself. What a horrible face!
For a moment the man frightened, seriously:—
She became lonely, a little frightened, who had deserted
her dolls & run away from home. Leaving them all
in the rain behind, the stood & looked at her. She looked straight
across the crossing: & there was Lawley's shop. Still there —
& Mr. Lawley, arranging a pile of newspapers on the
counter, as if they were the were tidying the shop
before shutting the shutters.
She was a great friend of Rose's, & had once given her a
tea set, because it was cracked. & she was no good to them —
on which condition only, her father had allowed her to
keep it. Now she looked so homely & comfortable
that Rose for a moment forgot to look for the box of
& ducks & swans.
for a the swans that had been in the window
yesterday. They were still there. Mrs. Lawley

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waddled round behind the counter & reached it down from the window.

"Isn't that rather late for you to be out all alone, Miss Rose?" she asked, as the laid them up in wholly brown paper. And then she took the bag crown, & gave her three cotton back in change. & went on writing out the newspapers; the clerk ~~was taking~~ ~~over her shoulder~~, as Rose left the shop, as if she feared that Rose had only her home shoes on, & was disobeying somebody: but it was no business of hers. "Good night my dear" she said, & Rose started back, having delivered her message to the besieged English, & having cut off the head of the chief rebel, which she carried under her arm as a trophy. When she reached the pillar box there was the man again. He was leaning against it, as if he were ill, Rose thought, filled with the same terror again: but she was close by the lamp. There was nobody else anywhere in sight. As she ran past him, he gibbered some nonsense at her, picking his lips in & out, & began to undo his clothes ... Rose fled. ~~But~~ She thought he was pursuing her. She did not dare look round. She reached the turning into Aberdeen Terrace & gained her own door step & stopped, under the laburnum tree, to ride the garden gate, so frightened that she could hardly breathe. Then she thought that he might be coming, paddy softly behind. She ran up the steps. She opened the front door, clumsily: she shut it with a nervous jerk. It did not matter who discovered her. But luck was on her side. Her sisters were talking over the drawing room fire: Charley was in the kitchen: her father was in his study at the end of the passage. She gained the night nursery, ~~but she~~ put away her clothes, replaced the key in seven places: & went back to the day nursery.

"Well Rose you have been a time —" said Anne,

& found in her newspapers again.

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who was still busying round the sewing machine.
I couldn't find my work bag said Rose. "There it is, under the
under the cushion." She went to fetch her work bag &
her cotton. "Well you've time to finish that flower
before tea bath" said Jane, looking at the design:
& then she went on talking to Mrs C. about
what she would have said, if it had been her place:
"but you never know. And it's best to say nothing, when
there are three in a family" said Mrs. C. "And they
continued to discuss the situation which had arisen when
news to the death of Mrs Peabody Smith Lightbody,
in hospital; leaving her furniture to one set of relations
& her money to Mrs Crisp who lodged with her — & was
& her own daughter had not attended the funeral.
but there was quite a sum of money in the Savings bank.
Rose sat stitching at her flower with her head bent
down, & Jane. Mrs C. went on talking as was
usual about all those mysterious people, the
Springs & the Lightbodys & the Filtneses, who
played so large a part in Rose's life, because, being
the only child in the nursery she sent an amphibious
life part with the flower cups in the drawing room,
& part in the kitchen where the Mrs C. & the
Lightbodys & the Filtneses were often to be found, in
~~sitting round the kitchen table~~; sitting in the by the
kitchen range; while the kettles & the saucepans
simmered, & Mr Filtness the bootmaker was her
favourite. ~~He would take her~~ but she wished he would
not take her on his knee, because he smelt rather
horrid; - but he had made a pair of real leather
boots for her doll. But they would go on
talking about Mrs Lightbodys last illness tonight.
Rose wished they would stop. She was frightened;
She did not like thinking of the old woman

the bootmaker

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lying dead in the hospital.

When she had her bath. Nurse never asked her where she had got the ducks & swans from. She made them swim with the battleship & the clipper but it was not quite so good a game as when the had splashes. When she had her supper, went to bed. Nurse would come to bed about half past ten. Rose fell asleep: & then she woke up with a start. It seemed to her that she had been asleep for hours. The room was absolutely dark. Then she saw quite close to her, as if it were hung up on a string the grey lacey face ~~of the man by the pella bay~~ & Nurse only had lace; but hers all mottled: & the white moved; & the lips were sucked in & out, as like the lips of an india rubber doll. She knew that it was a kind of dream - this grey face, hung up in the dark: but she suddenly felt that the man by the pella bay had got into the house. He was padding up the stairs. Now he was in the room. She tried to scream: she cried ~~scream~~ scream! But no one answered her. She was alone. She leaped out of bed - & tried to find the door. But she was trapped into the chest of drawers. ~~She tried to get to the door~~? She had lost all sense. The room seemed quite altered. at last she found the door & had run into the day nursery. Nurse & Mrs C were sitting at the nursery table eating their supper. a bright fire was burning & the lamps were blazing between them. They looked up in astonishment. Nurse was very cross. "Whatever are you up to Rose?" she said very sharply. "Go along & get back into bed. Do as I'm telling you, dear, or I will not have you." She let her catching cold & ~~would not have you~~. Then set her down on the rug & looked at her.

"I had a bad dream" Rose said.

a

She shut her eyes & saw them & there never again.

They had stared at her inside them & were cruel & cold & bad.

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"That's what comes of having that rich cake for tea" said Nurse. She was looking for a ~~candle~~ the bedroom candlestick. "Now you come along & don't be silly" she said, lighting the candle, & taking Rose by the hand she led her back into the night nursery. She tucked her up kindly enough, & kissed her, & told her to go to sleep again & dream of fairies

But when are you coming to bed Nurse?" said Rose clutching hold of her hand.

"Oh I shan't be long now," said Nurse. "As soon as I've had my ~~tea~~ supper"...

But you won't be very long? said Rose, still holding her.

Now you just drop off to sleep," said Nurse, detaching herself; ~~She~~ a jump with Mrs C. was one of the treats of the week. Every other night she had to sit in the nursery alone, & tonight there was no likelihood to talk about, what with the fun funeral, & the weather & what was the truth about Mr. Lightbody's row in the Post Office.

"Mayn't I have the candle?" Rose asked, as Nurse took it up & was about to go.

"Whatever d'you want a candle for Rose?" said Nurse. "You're never afraid of the dark are you!—you, such a brave girl—what would Papa say, if he knew you were afraid of the dark at ~~night~~?

Now turn ~~candle~~ top, & ~~you~~ don't lie turn over & go to sleep. Don't lie on your back. That's what gives you bad dreams."

She was now by the door, holding the candle, so that there were great dark shadows in the room. Next moment she was gone. Rose could hear the clatter of Nurse's boots in the day nursery quite clearly. She could hear the voices talking. That was some comfort. Nurse & Mrs C.

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were there. The lord lady, the man could not get into the room.
She shut her eyes tightly. Her far mother had once told her to
count sheep, if she could not get to sleep. You thought of a
flock of sheep penned up in a field. Then you made one
sheep leap over a stile, & then another: & as they jumped you
could them. Rose counted ten sweaty sheep. Then she opened her
eyes. There was the bubbling grey face again. How horrible it
was! She shut her eyes & determined that she would count
twenty sheep before she would let herself look again. But
the eighth sheep would not jump. It stood pathetically still.
And then she face turned into the man face there he was,
standing by the pillar box. She shut up again in bed.
She was terrified. Never no more. If you shut your eyes he
was there. & if you opened them he was there. And there
was dead silence in the day nursery. Nanny had gone down
with Mrs C. to the kitchen. They might stay there for
hours talking with Mrs Fletcher. It was dead
dark. She had no candle & matches.

"I am riding through the ..." She tried to invent a game.
Cold Lady; trying to invent a game. "Riding above ..."
But no. It was no good. She lay flat there,
clenching her wrists round her knees. She might see the
man in the passage. He was coming shuffling at the door.
The door opened. A beam of light fell on the brass rail
of the bedstead. It was Eleanor, come to go to bed
up as usual. Rose at once burrowed in the bedclothes
& lay with her face to the wall. Eleanor came in, with
her candle, stopped for a second at the end of the bed,
& said, very gently, in case Rose were asleep, but she
looked as if she had somehow tied Lady up in her
bed clothes, "asleep Rose?"

"Not quite" said Rose, pretending to yawn.

"Well then - let me straighten out all this mess"
said Eleanor, putting down the candle.
beginning to ~~told~~ straighten the bedclothes.

and lured the horrid grey face towards him & hurled him over the sheep

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Rose looked rather flushed & her eyes were bright. Yet she was generally round asleep when Eleanor looked in. She was a sturdy little girl; ~~with~~ the grew enormously. & ate enormously; & was a worse tomboy than Bobby — in fact Eleanor thought it would be a good thing when Bobby went to his boarding school, & left Rose to settle down to her lessons.

"What's been keeping you awake?" Eleanor asked "Ye look quite flushed. Have you been dreaming?"

Rose could not possibly tell Eleanor what she had seen. It was not only that she had been very naughty, running out alone. It was that she was terrified, not only terrified, somehow, strangely, nearly, what she had seen: she could not tell anyone: not even Eleanor. It had un dreamed...

Oh Eleanor she said, 'I'm so terrified' & ~~burst into~~ tears. She did not burst into tears she gave a gasp never the less.

Eleanor cd. not imagine what had happened. ~~Some~~ ~~fight with Bobby?~~ Had Bobby been teasing her? He was getting very rough in his ways. Had he been up to mischief again & swom Rose not to tell? Had they been in one other raids into the back garden next door! ~~Has Bobby been~~ "You haven't been shooting ~~at him~~ again with Bobby have you?" She asked. "It's so unkind. Cats feel just as much as we do."

& brothers him Pyjamas conceivably again!

But it was not that she could see.

Rose was grasping her hand & staring straight ahead of her. "But I can't tell Eleanor" She was saying to herself. Only at last Eleanor saw that she made to stay ~~only~~ when Eleanor had come to bed.

Was it a dream then? Eleanor asked.

"Was you have a dream

I thought I saw a man in the room" Rose said at last, with great difficulty. "A robber!"

A Robber! here? said Eleanor. 'But Rose dear, how could a robber get into your room? Look it's all safely down stairs in the drawing room.

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Mrs Pasha, a Mrs Morris. ~~You know They'd never let a~~
robber get into this house.

Rose kept at the pattern round over the dressing
mantelpiece.

Pasha would kill him she said.

And yet ~~Pasha knew what she had seen;~~
~~she could never tell Pasha what she had seen never;~~
she felt he would think her
knew what she had seen. so very angry with her if he
So she carried Eleanor to tell her what they were all
doing in the drawing room. would Eleanor.
had they nine o'clock gone to bed yet. were they playing a game —
Ever so late —

the truth.

"It only just half past ten" said Eleanor, looking at her watch
moment more Came in with another candle, a
said rather gruffly. that she had only run down
stairs to get the rubber things; & Rosie seemed
expect to night.

"Did she eat a great deal of that rich Cake
at tea, Mrs?" she asked, trying to put the blame on
Eleanor.

Did you eat rich Cake at tea? Eleanor asked.
I came in so late "she said to have.
Now have it coming to bed, so you'll want
her stockings anymore, with you?" she asked.
& she ~~marched out~~ opened the quilt over
Rose bed & kissed her, & took her candle &
went 'good night' more

Good night then Eleanor "said more; & she
shut the looks out other curls, & put them in the
pin tray ~~on the~~ by the looking glass on the
Chest of Drawers.

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11th Nov

That scene is of course, very imperfect, ~~so a~~ ~~in that~~ for
~~if only because as an~~ illustration of one of the
many aspects of love - ~~of~~ of sweet love. ~~that is~~, of the kind
of passion which ~~beating on the wall~~ pressing on the
walls of Aberlom Terrace made it impossible for the
Parfitts girls to walk in the West End alone
or to go out after dark unless they had a maid or a
brother with them. The actual fact - that children of
Rose's age are frequently assaulted, sometimes far
more brutally than she was, is ~~known to~~ to
familiar to ~~anyone~~ who ~~read~~ the Police Court news, ~~of this~~, even today,
~~the~~ ~~female~~ sex mothers in the poorer parts of London
will make an effort that ~~her~~ small daughter shall
not run round to the grocer's after dark without a
bitter brother as well to go with her. But though the
fact of Rose's adventure is easily verified, to give a
truthful account of ~~it~~ what upon her mind is by no
means easy. Her first instinct when Eleanor came in,
was to turn away & hide herself. She felt that what
had happened was not merely 'naughty', but somehow
wrong. But in what sense did she feel it to be
wrong? The grey face that hung in a string in
front of her eyes somehow suggested to her ~~that~~ the
a vague conception in her mind which she was instinctively
afraid; as if, without being told a word about it, she
knew that she was able to feel what it was wrong to
feel. For ~~she~~ also by instinct she knew that her
father would be angry, - yet not angry in the way that
disobedience angered him, if he knew what she
had seen. So that she did not mind
banging the front door when she came in — she
did not mind being found out in her disobedience —
what she could not say to her self even was
what that she had seen a sight that puzzled her,

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her. & shocked her, & suggested that there were things brooding round her, unspoken of, which roused her curiosity & ~~at~~ & physical fear.

at ten years old, tomboy though she was. She was beginning to feel the desire, which was much more highly developed in her sisters, for the approval of the other sex. When her father said "Stubby little monkey" & pointed to the stain on her pinafore, she at once covered it with her hand; although when Milly noticed it, she did not care in the least, & ~~pretended~~ said, what was a lie, for Mrs C. had brought the warning, that her clean pinafore had not come back from the wash.

This instinct to turn away & hide the true nature of the experience ~~makes it~~ has ~~of course~~ seldom become the rule two complex to explain, & became ~~the~~ fault that men to adhere to it, has of course ~~prevented~~ the prevented the novelist from dealing with the emotion in fiction — it would be impossible to find any mention of such feeling in the novels that were being written, by Trollope, Mrs Gaskell, Mrs Oliphant, Geo Meredith, during this eighties; & if the novelists ignore it, this is ~~partly because~~ largely because the biographers & autobiographers also ignore it, & thus reduce the ~~novelist~~ material which the novelist has to work upon, to a minimum. In addition, there is, as the three dots used after the sentence "He unbuttoned her clothes ..." testify, a convention, supported by law, which forbids, whether rightly or wrongly, any plain description of the right that Rose, in common with many other little girls, saw under the lamp post by the pillar box in the dusk of that March evening. all the novelist can do, therefore, by way in order to illustrate this subtle of mental life, is to state some of the facts; but not all; & then to imagine the nerve impression on the nerves, on the brain, on the whole being, of a shock which. The child, as Rose instinctively conceals, as Rose did;

& to make concealment necessary

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& is also too ignorant, too childish, too frightened, to describe or
explain even to herself, as again Rose was. Rose next
day, at home, began to observe Bobby more closely. She
began to hunt about in the little book case in her father's
study for some of his old books about the treatment of
Tropical diseases, because they had certain pictures.
But those are mere incidents. The principle itself—
that this kind of love of truth everywhere outside the
drawing room is of far greater importance, in
considering the lives of the Pargiters: for not only
restricted their lives, & to some extent poisoned their minds—
lies of all sorts undoubtedly have a crippling & does it
destroying effect, & none the less if the liar feels that
her lie is justified — but this of enormous importance
is but it also helped to bolster up, to harden,
& substantiate a conception of the utmost
importance about the conduct not only in the minds of the
Pargiter children, but in the minds of their brothers
& Love them,
whether in the drawing room or in the street variety
affected the lives of the Pargiter children profoundly,
not merely because it restricted them to
certain guarters of London, & was perpetually impeding
their freedom of movement; but
also because it affected their minds—
telling lies undoubtedly affect the mind & distorts
the relationships between the liar & the lied to, even if
the lie is justified — but, more distorted
in each of them / an attitude required
attitude, a care according to her temperament;
a conception of the right attitude towards boys & men to adopt
boys attitude which to love. which was not
natural but highly artificial. It was
impossible for the most daring of them — Delia — to
disregard the convention — for example, that a

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a Colonels daughter that she not walk down Parliament Street at midday. And yet they all felt that the convention was wrong — Delhi indeed brought a thunderbolt & Jane Sandwith. And yet they were all completely uncertain as to what conduct was right; & they all had Bagley before them, as they grew older, that some convention was absolutely necessary for them, & not for their brothers, since plainly since motherhood for a middle class woman to have that relation with a man which might lead to the disgrace of bearing an illegitimate child, — a disgrace which a woman could rarely survive, socially, or practically either, for the whole cost of the child's upbringing in 1880 would fall solely upon her, & she was disabled by law from earning more money to provide for herself & her child — alone for all other human being. Charity The question of charity was therefore complicated in the extreme, since it was influenced by so many feelings that could not be defined, & by so many facts that might be asserted but could not possibly be altered — Had not the demand for the vote, which might ultimately lead to some right to earn one's living, been again & again denounced in the House of Commons? Mr Gladstone, in 1870, had based his refusal upon his conviction that

The Correction

undoubtedly. charity for women was an extremely
Complicated question in the year 1880.

Bobby's Care was of course much simpler than Rose's.
He loved Mecam Parish genuinely; he saw that
in that plain something in that pale gentle face
that nobody else had ever seen; her to Morris She
was so unattractive & so dull & so prim & so
that he used to dash out of the drawing room by the other
door as she came in by the first — Eleanor indeed
used

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had to manœuvre so that Miriam only came when Morris was
out. Nobody guessed what Bobby felt for her, or
could imagine that to him the way somehow not only beautiful,
but everything that was fitting, inspiring & so 'decent' —
like love, Bobby lacked any all analytic power — that
when, once, she dropped her handkerchief & had to
fumble all through the last part of her visit in consequence,
being too shy to ask Eleanor for the loan of one,
Bobby, crouching under the table as if to tie up his
shoe, had snatched it, — when he was alone with the
pocket handkerchief, he used to had only to hold it to
his nose & the name of Miriam & courage & beauty &
adventure & all that the words for filled him almost
unbearably. But the emotion was far simpler than
what Rose had felt about the may under the lamp
because, going to school every day as he did, &
meeting with much older boys he already knew a
great deal more about love than Rose did. He
went by bus & he walked by Henly to St James's
every day. No man had Even No woman had
Ever assaulted him, but if one, when he was coming
home late on a winter night with Robyn,
a strange laughing loud black & red girl had
taunted at them both 'Some filth', as Robyn but it.
And Robyn told him what that that foul was a
prostitute. Robyn had waved her off with a
contemptuous gesture. But there was nothing frightening
to Bobby in her jeers & laughter. He had walked on
calmly, by Robyn's side, secure, & rather flattered, &
at the same time a little proud that Robyn who
was seventeen, & big for his age, should have
attracted a taken part in such a grown up
adventure, a little more proud of the fact that
Robyn showed, by using the word prostitute,
treated Bobby into what Bobby dimly
felt was a that passion fellowship — the

all forms of love

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fellowship of men together—a fellowship which he began to feel, yielded a great many rights & privileges, & required even of himself, at the age of twelve, certain loyalties & assertions—for example, it was essential to make it plain that the schoolroom was his room,—especially when his school friends came back to tea. It was essential that Rose should be kept out of it, when Parker & Sandyson came back on Saturday afternoon: although, privately, he still liked playing James with Rose & it was much better fun to have her there to show things to, like his engine, & his fireworks to, than to shut her out & play by himself. He had devised a system therefore by which she was his assistant, or sometimes merely the audience. He wrote out leaflets in red ink & announced Grand Fireworks Display tonight, Ladies & Gentlemen Cordially invited & lay them on the nursery table. Then, dressed in his red dressing gown, he was the Professor, or the Conjuror, & Rose, seated at the far side of the table was the audience in the stalls. If the audience tried to grab the things hastily, there was a general scrummage. & once Knocked on the nursery floor above with a poker.

After her adventure in the street, Rose changed slightly but decidedly in her feeling for Bobby. ~~That~~ Again it is difficult to say how far this change was the result of the shock, how far she felt worse fear or dislike for her brother because she is ill; or how far she felt resented the change that was making him in the hurt it into 'a proper schoolboy'. She was shut out of the schoolroom whenever Sandyson & Parker came there; she was not allowed to take any part in their games, or in tea in the garden; & felt that ~~she was sent~~ to field sometimes; &

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& on one occasion she had caught a ball so smartly, jumping up into the air & catching it in one hand, her left, that Parker had told Bobby afterwards that Rose was a jolly good Catch – a ~~compliment~~ Compliment that made her blush with pride; & yet, ~~if Bobby had secrets from her~~ she felt that Bobby was always much rougher with her when his friends were there. ~~He was altogether so~~ He she felt ~~that he~~ He ~~must surely up in the school room~~ turned her out of the school room once & locked the door behind him. ~~& as she mounted the stairs very slowly to the Day nursery she took a vow that~~ whereupon she locked herself into the bath room, & sobbed. But, after the first spasm of weeping was over, she held what she called, in her private language a 'Stand Council of war.' That is to say she determined that after this ~~she~~ Bobby was in the Enemies Camp, & she would do everything she could to thwart him & Vilet him. She then washed her face & combed her hair, & when Bobby came into the nursery later, & wanted ~~her to~~ to make it up, she sent him to Coventry – she went on pretending to read a book. until Bobby, exasperated by her silence called her every abusive name he could think of; & then announced that he would ~~give her three chances of coming~~ ask her three times to come. If she ~~refused~~ did not answer the third, he would go alone. She did not answer; & he went alone; & as soon afterwards he was sent to a ~~public school~~ Rugby, ~~the~~ that quarrel was never entirely made up. Adrian was now at Mr. Wests school at Bournemouth" wrote Mrs Ruth Jackson, ~~of~~ ~~& her~~ who of a ~~so~~ similar Case."

Quote

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But though Bobby Payslie had a far freer life than Rose in that he was allowed to make the journey to St James's & back every day by himself, & was soon initiated not only by Robson but by other boys into a knowledge of sex which was at twelve unparalled not only Rose's but Millie & Delia's, there sprang, partly from that his freedom a mass of which was so oddly combined with secrecy — he could no more have mentioned the word prostitute to Rose than he could have mentioned the man under the far Camp to Bobby him, a mass of feeling, of reserves, of silences, of controls which would do — which made his life at school so difficult & so strange & so unnatural that Rose had no just cause for her bitter anger, for her words as they in the bathroom. Had she known what her brother was going through at school she would very likely have decided when she called her Grand Council that instead of bring her calore members of opposite camps they ought, on the contrary, to combine together in a blood brotherhood. — in those childish days before Bobby went to school their was symbolised by tying red thread round their wrists. Only, as she could not forcibly tell Bobby about the man, & Bobby could not possibly tell her about Robson, there was nothing for it but an anxiety which lasted until the very [illegible] scene between them, after their father's death, in the schoolroom, fifteen years later.

Meanwhile Bobby was sent off to Mr. Hurst's at Folkestone to be prepared for the army. And at this point, in order to illustrate more fully though from rather a different angle & age the problems that made Bobby so

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difficult at home, it may be ~~worth while~~ well to ~~for~~ give a
scene from the life of Edward Parsiter, at Oxford.

Edward Digby Parsiter was the second son of
Colonel Parsiter. He was much the cleverest of the Parsiters, &
had done so well at Winchester that he had got a
Scholarship ~~at Oxf~~ at one of the great Oxford Colleges, &
was now expected to take a first in Greats, ~~&~~
after which his tutor thought that he had another
& gallant chance of a Fellowship. But at the present
but by no means a certain
out to the Colonel Parsiter, ~~seemed useless to~~ who dilated on
premature symptoms of the pride ~~that this promised~~
~~powered him - he would be as proud as a peacock~~
as he stood, very upright, in front of the fire, in the tutor's
room, a fellowship is a very real test of a man's
merit. He by no means followed that if Edward
got a first he would also get a fellowship. Edward
was by no means sure of the first. even - But Edward
was a very clever lad. But he must take things
rather more to heart. Some of his Greek verses were
very rough still. Still he had the root of the matter in him.
And the Colonel, grasping Mr. D hand
almost too hard, swung off into down the
narrow staircase into the quadrangle determined
to give Edward a good luncheon, & then, when
they were both warmed with wine, to tell him
what the tutor had said - about brushing up his
Greek verse. As the Colonel had long ceased to
read decipher Greek even the paper of Greek
Testament, he could scarcely advise in any detail;
but he promised Edward that he would
twenty-five pounds if he got his first; & one hundred
for his fellowship. Canon Parsiter had been a
The Colonel talks
fellow of all Souls. Together they and
after lunch Edward took the Colonel to all
the walks & they looked up the rooms that
the Canon had had, when he was an undergraduate

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about 1820. The Colonel burst straight in & disturbed the present occupant who was locating muffins. "My brother had three rooms Sir.", the Colonel said by way of explanation. The young man smiled at Edward, & said "Don't mention it" to the Colonel: and the Colonel, wringing him two by the hand, in an access of emotion towards all young men who might be friends of his son, turned round on his heel, marched off to the Hotel, & to talk to London, where he could not resist dropping a casual hint to his brother officers at the Club that his boy was said to have stood a good chance of [illegible] that night for the first time for many years. The Colonel opened his Greek Testament, & thought, concluding that he must really rub up his Greek.

note p. 76

Discussing the matter one day, not with her sister but with a girl she had met at a party, Nora Graham, [illegible] had actually been drawn into the Woods the daughter of that eccentric man Theodore Graham, the Millionaire, who [illegible] went so far — he was a very rich man — as to allow Nora the same allowance that he gave his sons — three hundred pounds a year. It seemed incredible that any woman should have three hundred a year as her own. Nora had told Delia that nothing could be done about it — about Charity Chatris — until women had votes. Delia who had [illegible] had asked why; had been invited to join a small select Society that met in the Adelphi Strap Inn Road; had been [illegible] fine outrageous accounts & their idleness — the had despair of being able to learn music — had planned though a short not been able to go again because the mothers. Men, but had began to read papers like Punch & the Times with an eye to what they said about women's rights. Punch was just as joker about strong minded women.

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of pictures of little delicate women in bonnets & crinolines
begging to cut off legs & offering to strong men in wheeled
Oh Lupton, do help me – I'm afraid I can't My wrist is so
tired! – to illustrate what would happen if one trusted ones
body leg to a woman doctor. And Dora, who was always
darting about the country, & suggesting ways in which, even
if Dalia must stay at home, she could help 'the Cause' –
that sort of language seemed to Delia rather silly –
left unoccupied her ears whilst reading the debate in the
House of Commons when some bill came up, an urgent,
mean repealed an urgent. Delia blushed through the
argument, one day when she was sitting with her mother.
And she noted Mr Gladstone's argument when he
gave his reasons for opposing women's right to vote because
he feared to ... "Old humbug" said Delia;
He had been in love with his cousin Kitty Malone ever since he had
seen her act last season's summer in the pageant.

NYPL

17th hor

Edward Pargiter had come in from Hall, had made ~~himself a~~
~~cup of~~ coffee in a rather a complicated coffee making machine
& was allowing himself precisely twenty minutes in
which to smoke a cigarette & to drink a cup of
coffee before he began what the Colonel called
"brushing up" his Greek ~~verbs~~. There was only one
fortnight before the examination. A great deal
depended upon his success – his whole life indeed
~~For if~~ depended, indirectly, upon ~~he gets a first~~ his success; for if
he got a ~~first~~ first, ~~he was~~ it would mean that he had a
good chance of a Fellowship, & if he got a Fellowship then
he would stay at Oxford for ever. Nothing in the whole
world seemed to him so desirable. He lay back in
his chair & looked round his room as he sipped his coffee.
It was a lovely ~~early~~ Eighteenth century room, ~~on the 2nd with~~
on the second floor with Cream Coloured panels that
made any other decoration unnecessary. ~~But there~~
His one luxury, ~~however~~, between the fireplace & the
window, was ~~for~~ tidily arranged with rows of old
books, – Pope, Dryden, Addison, Johnson & so on,
which he had bought almost as much for the subdued
~~pale~~ ~~gold~~ & brown that they made as for their
contents. His ~~book~~ books, his note books, his ~~Your~~ ~~ugly~~ shabby dictionaries ~~& text books~~ were concealed
behind a curtain on the lower shelves, & in the little
sitting room which, also panelled, opened out of the
dining room he was lucky. When last year he had
been given a set of three rooms, looking over the
Quadrangle. ~~From where he sat he could see~~
The rooms were absolutely quiet. From where he sat,
puffing at his cigarette, he could see nothing but
green branches, for it was early in May; & , as the
light was fading, the green was also more golden
evanescent, & here & there, almost like a ~~silver~~

crossing the window, pale, misty green,

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fruit flowered on lamps, then another, as other undergraduate fellows came back to their rooms & lit their lamps in readiness for the evening. A certain hush always hovered over the College at this particular moment, & of all the moments of the day it was, Edward thought, one of the pleasantest. (Even if he did not get his Fellowship he would have learnt more at Oxford, received more,) For a few minutes one Even now when he was working eight or nine hours a day — he looked at the clock he felt had seventeen minutes before he need begin again — it was a better than any life he had (promptly) could imagine. His first term had been the best of all. He had hated his last year. He had known nobody. His friends had gone to Cambridge, or to other Colleges. And at first there had seemed to be none of that feeling of fellowship that had made the last year terms this life at Morley so tremendously important, so exciting. To feel of He looked at the silver cups on his mantlepiece — there were fifteen. Each represented some moment intensely the moments triumph, but — oh all sort of things: He could still hear the cheers & the catcalls — he could still remember, how by degrees, the spirit of the place had permeated him, how by degrees he had come to feel that he was winning his cup not for himself, but for his house, not for his house, but for the School. And then the Head master, rising to the occasion as that man, however formidable he might be on ordinary occasions always did, had praised said one night when Edward felt to be the summing up of the whole spirit of Morley — how they belonged to a great - famous fellowship, how even the most Thoughtless (those were nobody dared giggle) even the most thoughtless, could not leave Morley without feeling that our character as members of a society or fellowship is something different from our individual character when we are living apart or in solitude". Before he left

Ed was was a considerable athlete

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Morley Edward – he was called Hugo ~~by his family~~ in his family
& the nickname had stuck to him, & been frankly disowned at
Oxford – Edward had felt that he had fully understood what
the words meant. Prayers & Cakes were only the outer symbol
of something much more important. It was the spirit behind
these Cakes ~~& Sherry~~ these volumes bound in blue morocco that
counted "Are we not here today here"– some glow for the
Last time two; ~~that had been~~ that Evening had been one of the
bitterest of Edwards life "our spirit moves as it were
all together, in something like a rhythmic harmony ...
And ~~from~~ the Spirit, Edward had come to understand, was
not simply the spirit of a handful of men & boys at Morley
in the year 1878–79. It was the same spirit that
had animated the Jew, the Greek & the Roman. "No
other influence," the Doctor said, ~~in his~~ healing & for the time at any rate, if not for all time, our life is a different thing.
resounding reverberating, his voice ~~went~~ broke upon the
pillars of the School chapel, & round the voice of the
names carved upon marble tablets – the names of the old
boys, who had fought in wars after wars, ~~who had~~
for five hundred years; ~~who had~~ with Blake, Marlboro',
with Nelson, with Wellington; whose bones lay
entombed in ~~the~~ India; who had ~~won~~ saved
~~the~~ saved Europe again & again; & dying, asked only
~~their~~ names might be written up in the old School –
"No other influence" the Doctor said, "has produced so
great a growth of the sterner & more robust virtues –
fortitude, self-reliance, intrepidity: devotion to the
Common weal: readiness for united action &
self-sacrifice." ~~It is~~ The value of school life was .. that
at present & calls forth these same elements of
character & recreates the old classic type" ...
But at Oxford, at first, ~~the Fellowship had seemed~~
there had seemed to be none of this Fellowship. This unity,
this sense of working together towards an ideal. It was
not till his second year that the full beauty of Oxford

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had dawned upon him; & he had made friends, friends among
all sorts & conditions, & argued, & danced, & picked bluebells in
Bagley wood, & boated, & sat & drunk, night after night,
with friends, & laughed at the dons, & mocked the old
fogeys; & seen for such famous men — Ruskin even, and
Gladstone, & Cardinal Manning; & then with August
Came to Edward, in the lovely ancient chapel, of his
~~how duly worthy to have his name too~~ that his name too
would be reverenced, as he now reverenced the names of
those great men whose had been here before him.
The light was fading; a bird chirped somewhere in the
meadows; he must light his lamps too; ~~Hoob~~
& settled down to Aristocles, one more, for
his whole life depended on ~~his~~ success. ~~Oxford depended~~
~~as it. He must~~ ~~He has got a~~ He would have further at
Oxford — ~~the~~ but only after for his Fellowship. ~~He~~
He had precisely five minutes left, & his cigarette & his
coffee were both coming to an end. He had done
everything his tutor advised. He had worked, steadily
regularly, but not too hard. He had taken the
right amount of air & exercise. He had seen the
right amount of his friends — these things were
Calculated to a nicety by his Coach, who, after
thirty years could train a man's mind almost
precisely as the other sort of coach could train a
mare, body & Edward — Nigs, his late called him —
had obeyed his Coach almost to the letter. And
now, the Coach had said, Don't overdo it the last lap.
Read ~~the~~ a the plays that marked thirds, &
take more time off — He had even advised three
days complete holiday before the examination.
Edward was looking a little jagged. And Edward
knew that though to take time off would need
more discipline than to do an hour's work a day, up to
the last moment. Still, just as in a race, one

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ment keep a Print for the Finish to show it would be work to
Hacken, & read rapidly over some of the plays again. & then
to go away, for three days complete relaxation, rowing or
boating up the river with James.
Edward instantly felt, as he set the lamp with the green shade
down on the table, & that he could not work efficiently
tonight. His brain was without feeling ill in any way, his
brain was no longer fresh, fertile, vigorous. He had
been ~~using it with~~ reading it two regularly & too
~~long at two regularly, now on this subject, now on that~~
He felt, as he had felt after a morning at the end of the
summer term when all the ~~Dramas~~ matches had been
played that he had not an ounce of energy left. He wanted
merely to lounge in a punt, eat strawberries, rest
work. Hazlitt probably was wise. It would be best
to relax now, & ~~to~~ merely to run through ~~a little~~
something that he knew almost by heart. He ~~put~~ his
drew his arm chair under the light - took up his Yorkshire -
He would run through the Centuries
of all the subjects he had learnt at Oxford - & he had ~~been~~
in one way or another he had learnt something of
absolutely, of mathematics, of science, of history, of
none save ~~being~~ anything like the same pleasure as Greek.
The won his fellowship. he would devote himself entirely to
Greek. He had the making of a real scholar in him,
his tutor had once said. a real scholar - a scholar like
Bentley a Munro was to Edward, the highest type of
mind ~~that~~ Can Conceive. That he should be a
scholar like that was ~~to~~ the question. He never
~~dreamt~~ of comparing himself with men of that calibre.
But he could understand what scholarship meant. He
had read & learnt Greek ~~since he was~~ for more than ten
years. Not a day had passed without his reading
Greek. ~~He had~~ He had given up more hours to
Greek than to any other subject. He had written
more Greek verses than Latin. He had ~~perhaps~~
read more Greek than any other language. save his own.

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He could scarcely read French. He could read no German. He ~~could read~~ or no Italian, ~~or~~ Spanish. & though he had read a certain number of English classics, he had certainly never read Hamlet or Paradise Lost with a tenth of the care that he had read the Antigone or the Iliad. Hence, when he opened the Antigone he could read it not only without opening a dictionary; ~~he could read it with~~ ~~less~~ ~~instant understanding not only of every word but of~~ for he knew every word, but he also knew ~~what all that~~ ~~the metre of~~ a mass of other facts - ~~who had used the~~ ~~who~~ who had used the word besides Sophocles, & where; & how Sophocles himself had used the same word with a different meaning elsewhere; & he knew exactly when the metre in the Choruses changed, & what it changed; & besides this he knew where the play was acted, & how; & also ~~what generation~~ the different opinions of different scholars about it in different ages. ~~besides~~ The actual text therefore presented no difficulties to him, though each time he read it, he sketched certain readings, & pencilled comments & queries thereon on the blank page which was bound in with the text. But to night he read, as far as he could, for the mere pleasure of the ~~to~~ poetry - for the sound, for the meaning, for the astonishing nobility of ~~the~~ ~~subdued~~ yet style, which seemed to him the most wonderful in all the Greek dramatists. He loved to feel his mind as he read, closing firmly round the phrase & taking its imprint more exactly more clearly with each reading. ~~His words were almost~~ Greek words had - he ~~could~~ would argue this for hours with Peal who preferred Latin - an indescribable ~~hardness~~ & combination of hardness & malleability as though - but Edward always checked himself when he felt the temptation to illustrate sensual feeling in images. Scholarship must be exact above all things. ~~Intuition~~ ~~obscures~~ ~~obscures one of the~~ His whole training in made him question any looseness or vagueness of

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his young

And one had only to look at him, ~~as he was~~ as he read, & at his handsome ~~young~~ ~~surroundings~~, to see that ~~this Spartan habit~~ Gaitness & precision, ~~this distaste of any Cloudiness~~ were naturally akin to him. Edward, like all the Parsifals, was physically well made. He was just under six foot, & ~~he is at two thin at the moment~~, though too thin at the moment, he was admirably proportioned. But he had what his father & Morris lacked, a clearly cut, well modelled head. A ~~Greek~~ Roman head, with a clearly cut, well modelled chin. Indeed his head was ~~with~~ crowned with fair hair was much like the head of a Greek boy on a frieze; though a Greek never complains that the eyes are too much too near together. That the whole face lacked width, plasticity, suggestion. ~~He was~~ He was a ~~carved~~ marble head, ~~rather than a face~~ boy carved in marble, rather than a face looming up in flesh colour from a canvas. Eleanor & had nicknamed him Nigs when he was a little boy; for the word, though its association with ~~Negro~~ negro & negligible ~~had~~ suggested a vague feeling that he had that he was not generous & clumsy & unsatisfactory like her dear old Morris. ~~Perhaps there was some~~ Perhaps Nigs will make her fortune, ~~as Eleanor used to say~~ ~~Nigs will~~ as Eleanor used to say, disparagingly when Edward came home with another Cup, or another volume bound in blue Morocco. ~~to stand~~ and the nickname, ~~which never~~ more than had more than ~~Morris~~ the exaggerated Eleanor, out of love for Morris, who never got a prize, exaggerated its unpleasant association, must have had some fortune, for it stuck to Edward at school, & was his name now at Oxford. On the other hand, ~~to~~ to Nigs, on the lips of one or two of his friends, stood for something was the a frienes way

whereas his father's ~~face~~ jaws were rather heavy & ~~ill~~ ill moulded in feature

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way of babbling a ~~romantic, daring, adventurous~~ romance
whom they led to be more beautiful, more romantic
more perfectly balanced between the life & the body & of
the mind than other people.

perhaps he was forced to be known. He slackened the reigns of Reason.

Nigs ~~[illegible]~~
opened his Sophocles at the Antigone & began to read.
~~The usual tone of~~ He read for some time. ~~with the absorbed~~
as usual the sense of his own efficiency in recording exactly
the the precise impress of those perpetually changing
words delighted him. As usual, there was more in
Sophos the Antigone this time than there had been last time.
And yet, after reading for three-five minutes, he
feared that some wheel or spring in the precisely
complex machine which ~~of~~ his mind was flagging &
fumbling ~~He was blurring~~ ~~the~~ He had to read a
sentence again & twice over — a sure sign
that his attention was not at its best. He laid the
book on his knee & looked up. After all, he
remembered, he had taken no exercise for some weeks —
or only a ~~few~~ brisk walk ~~for~~ ~~one~~ hours ~~a half~~
~~from~~ ~~between~~ from two to four. ~~And~~ He had
knocked off his tennis & his swims & his ~~boating~~
rowing & his swimming. Physically he was
rather off colour, ~~therefore~~ ~~He thought~~ Therefore,
~~no doubt~~ which no doubt affected his
brain; ~~the~~ his best work was always done, he
suspected, when his body & his mind had reached
some sort of equilibrium, though it was difficult to
~~say exactly what~~ the just relation between the two —
~~one might easily~~ ~~after a long day~~ rowing & rowing
~~one was sometimes~~ robust & one felt one
so sleepy that there was nothing for it but bed.
He There was another method of course, of
stimulating the brain — ~~a glass~~ to drink a glass
or two of wine, or — & it happened,
his father the Colonel, had sent him ~~five~~ dozen of
very excellent port "by way of ~~stirrup~~ cup" —
for the Colonel ~~took this~~ was almost as ret uhon

deliberate

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Edwards' success as Edward was keenly aware of the Colonel, had
whose experience of gamemanship was as primitive as his
knowledge of Greek, had always insisted that his men
must have their rum before they went into battle.
That was what gave them It was just that extra tot that
did the trick. So, two dozen of port chosen by the
Colonel himself — as the Colonel was a judge of wine
whatever might be said of his Greek — was in Edward
cupboard. He poured himself a glass, & sipped it,
as he had often seen his father do to
the glass to the light, as he had seen his father do to
often, as if the part of the pleasure of drinking came
through the eye. And indeed there was beauty in the
brownish yellow liquid — the colour seemed to
be another version of the taste. Edward then sipped a
little more when the soft yet burning
liquid had had time to expand itself in his veins he
found again to the Antigone. Yes, a sip of good
wine undoubtedly quickened the brain. And he
went on sipping & reading & sipping, until the
glass was almost empty. And then he lay back on
his cushions again & whether it was the wine or the
Greek, or both in harmony, he felt as a mysterious
mixture of power & pleasure & rest a content which
he engaged to the full, feeling certain that he was
bound to succeed — whatever he did; the fellowship was
undoubtedly his, he felt; & he then, going over again
the stanzas that he had been reading the whine
Antigone & Ismene talk together; another tune began
to accentuate — a tune that was quite familiar to
Edward; that was something a pattern plague; a
sense that was almost entirely physical; that was
worrying, bothering, became almost intolerable,
Edward's mind came into conflict with it,
& said "I will not let myself feel this — this ...
degrading — this is bestial — this is I will
resist & fight this ... I am not going to be beaten
this time" And he looked instinctively at the

by dint
some
hypnotic
& that
in cold
blood.

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the ~~portrait of a~~ photograph of a fine austere face — ~~hanging~~ which stood on the mantelpiece. Old Bealby had conquered. Old Healey had always taught them to how to conquer. Gerlenie was one way. That was at the back of his passion for work-hastily. That was why he had been so keen on the Home cup-hastily. That was why Edward Healey had always brothers up those smaller fellows ~~as~~ boys, lounging about at the edge of the playing fields. He had been a martinet to two, with Healey. He was taught conquer Healey too. He forced Healey to learn the pages & to read the chorus which in which the Antigone & Ismene have no part. ~~He was too~~ His brain ~~was~~ answered the demand made on it; the ~~was~~ desire which the vision of the two girls had prompted, passed; & he had the reward which comes to ably after much exertion of thinking of Antigone. Ismene ~~with~~ another ~~kind~~ way — ~~they~~ in the thought of the two girls, the one so fierce & daring, the other so simple, so ~~clinging~~ charming, combined to form an ideal of womanhood which moved Edward not to desire them, but to desire to produce something, to become them which their spirit, the spirit of all that was holy, & pure, & lovely & at the same time. Just & magnificent & serene & high — for if Ismene was sympathetic, Antigone was tremendous, moved blew & sanctum & reward.

"Oh Kitty-Kitty" he whispered; & his eyes, though they were too small, & yet too near together, had an expression which his sister had never seen in them, & the magnet have modified her opinion of Nigs. For a moment a look of extraordinary beauty filled them; the lines of the face softened; the narrow lips relaxed. He was thinking of Kitty Marlowe; he had passed by a natural transition from the abstract reverence for womanhood that the thought of Antigone & Ismene inspired to a ~~the~~ thought-that was less abstract, but was still

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lecture with something of the same wonder & awe — ~~He~~ for he had been in love, all ~~the~~ term, ever ~~since~~ he had seen her act in the pageant, with his cousin Kitty Malone.

Edward could recite Greek poem in Greek hand, very Greek

~~He~~ had been in love with his cousin Kitty Malone ever since he had seen her act last summer in the pageant.

It was impossible to do ~~or~~ anything ~~else~~ after Ante Gone. He replaced ~~his~~ book methodically in the shelf. Then he ~~passed~~ went to the window, ~~looked out into the~~ stood for a moment looking out into the garden. It was almost dark now, ~~There was~~ The maytree was only a white spot there in the corner; The ~~trees~~ grass ~~looked as if~~ from just beneath the window was ~~looked~~ ~~half transparent~~ unnatural, like water. And all round the lines of the college buildings, here broken with ~~an~~ a bright light, where the curtain was not drawn, here with a dark yellow or red transparency where the lamp curtains were drawn. Lay motionless the garden with ~~its~~ ~~to their~~ a dark mass ~~that of~~ here ~~there~~ then; that with their chimneys & towers. The silence was ~~the~~ curiously intense ~~of~~ ~~to that~~ silence of a place which is humming with life — ~~sometimes~~ a ~~there~~ was the tinkle of a piano, ~~the~~ ~~there~~ a sudden burst of laughter. Then a door slammed. And then there was complete silence, ~~a~~ in which ~~a~~ one heard nothing but a bird chirping, as if it had woken, & ~~a~~ ~~pigeon~~, & fallen asleep.

unshackled by memorable people.

Edward ~~was~~ ~~with a sigh~~ ~~breathed deeply~~, standing at the open window, Edward ~~breathed deeply~~ — it was unbearable for him to say how deep this ~~was~~ night & the sleeping garden moved him, stirred him — and Kitty was not far away — perhaps she too was standing at the window of the Maiden Lodge, looking at their may trees, at their lamps. For she was the daughter of the Master of St Katharines. From Edward's window one could see the ~~spire~~ turret of St Katharines Chapel. He ~~went back into his room,~~ turned to see the lines of St Katharine, but it was too dark now. He turned back into the room, & obeying an instinct — which sometimes governed him, he took a sheet of paper, & heading it "Persephone" began to write. a poem, ~~to his cousin~~ a love poem, a poem addressed

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to his cousin. Quite by accident he had discovered that Katherine P. Malone, stood for Katharine Persephone Malone.
Since he had just been reading the Cantos Greek, the Greek language, the Greek metres were in his mind; & the first lines of his poem would, to a critic, more like Greek than English. There was a tightness, a constraint about them, though the feeling they expressed — a young man's love for a girl — was sincere deep sincere, & Edward Ransits was feeling, only what that was, after all, a very natural feeling, — that Kitty was a lovely & mysterious being, of the opposite sex, about whose hand he had taken held once a twin, whom he had danced with once or twice, who had come to embody all that was beautiful, worshipful & venerable in life — It was for her now, more than for himself more than for her father, that he desired success. If he could go to his uncle Paul & say "I am worthy of your daughter . . . " He wrote on, in his little scholar hand, that with its neat greek Es, until, as always happened, he pushed the paper away in despair. It was not a poem. It could only imitate other poets. It was a good enough exercise to know that he was only making a translation of Theocritus. Never better to read Theocritus in the original. He wrote a notice which showed how much genuine feeling had gone into his verse, how acutely his own lack of creative power distressed him, he crumpled the paper into a ball & threw it into the waste paper basket. To make the annulment of this inadequate & silly effected even more complete he retrieved it, & tore the paper into minute scraps, some of which he scattered among the coals, so that even Miss Pugh whose curiosity about her private life was insatiable, should be unable to piece it when she came to do her room by reading his mutilated Stanzas to Persephone.

No sooner had he done this, than there was a thump on his door. He was wanted. His friends

English sonnets

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were by way of protecting his privacy; ~~none that~~ a many of them were in the same unbearable predicament. But Gibbs – who was probably Sibbs – thought it all a damned nuisance – messing away over books; & at the moment Edward was inclined to agree with him. It was damned nuisance, anyhow to night; & so he chained the door; & there were enough was Sibbs, a ~~vast~~ huge young man, a raving blue, whose bulk made Edward appear almost slight. Small by comparison.

Gibbs came in not much out some repidation. He could not resist thumbing on Edwards door; but ~~he had a~~ as he ~~paused~~ panted, not so much from a wish to intercept, as from a desire to inform Edward that he was a damned fool. And yet, he rebuked Edward from the depths of his heart for being a damned fool; & would have gone like a lamb if Edward had showed the least sign of being wanting to be alone. However, there was a bobble outside taper, & a flap. Things weren't as bad as they might have been: Edward was getting another glass from the dining room.

Edward poured himself out another glass of the Colonels port two. And again he held it up to the light just as his father did. It doubled if Sibbs knew what very excellent port that was – Sibbs was the son of a rich manufacturer, & the Sibbs had not reached the stage which the Pargiters had reached almost a century ago of knowing one wine from another.

Gibbs swilled his beer down, ~~after~~ & lit his pipe & took with a flourish which visibly offended Edward, who was naturally fastidious in such matters. But they had many more important things in common – rowing, football, in particular. Gibbs was in the college eight. & fives, ~~& boxing~~. & came only 'a jersey elephant' as Sibbs used to say repeatedly, could carry Sibbs; but his father possessed many elephants; they had a house in the shires; &

worthy mistake Thrombs;

he would have liked to be a poet himself;

Hugo (Gibbs real his christian name) was a thorn

finely

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Edward & Gibbs both shared that love of hunting which
shows itself not merely in hunting with the Pytchley or the Badminton,
but in following any local pack, on any old hack, & in
discussing, hour after hour, this sport & that, ~~in knowing~~
~~to that~~ in fostering Gibbs had forsooth by
heart. Gibbs had been pressed into the college boat
rather against his will. ~~His whole heart~~ He had no intention
of becoming a blue. That meant too much sweating &
training - & then one ~~what~~ The talk was for the
& his favourite topic - there were only two or three
months now of this infernal ~~jugum~~ heat. Then Cubbery would begin
And then — Just as he was about to broach a
scheme by which Edward should come & stay with them;
& ~~he~~ he came post ... The door opened, & in
stepped, so silently that neither Gibbs or Edward perceived
him, the a very different figure, Jevons, Jasper Jevons
a small pale young man, whose physique obviously
entitled him for any game or any sport. Yet
he moved beautifully. His hands, as he silently took the
two bottles of port, & raised it to the light to see if there were
any left, were ~~mad~~ were so well shaped that
Gibbs hands looked like slabs of raw meat beside them.
The bottle was almost empty - Edward whose face
showed some dismay at the sudden appearance of Jevons,
concluded that there was any amount more in the next
room. Jevons said that he did not really want any.
Edward said that anyhow they did; & disappeared
leaving Gibbs & Jevons alone together.
Gibbs at once shut up completely. Jevons, on whom the
burden of conversation fell from time to time he had interrupted,
tried in vain to think of something to say. They had been
talking of money when he came in — he had just caught
something about a handy hack. They ~~must~~
Edward was going to stay with Gibbs in the Long —
he had gathered that also, & ~~the~~ it amazed him
~~how~~ could Edward endure to stay with a
brute like Gibbs? And, though he contrived to make
some harmless ~~remark about the~~ inquiry about

horses, hounds, gentlemen, games, in college Rooms, & Gibbs

by which Gibbs would procure him a decent hack with a fair chance of first rate

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hunting - when did it begin, or something ~~may have~~ more serious like that. Gibbs knew perfectly well that to Jevons he was simply a brute; & the old desire came over him ~~which~~ to somehow to make Jevons suffer for his underling. But how? The usual forms of bullying which he had found effective with dirty little Jews ~~at school were~~ at Oxford like Jevons at his public School were ruled out — at any rate in Edwards rooms. So he sat fumbling with his pipe, & his glass; & both of them wished to God that Hegg would return.

When Edward came back with the second bottle he sat on a stool between his two friends with a feeling that he was keeping the head between two angry dogs. Such encounters were always liable to happen in his rooms. He knew had friends in such different sets. And afterwards, when Jevons met Gibbs, difficult as it was to find some common topic of conversation, still the sense that he, Edward, was the link between them, that he could talk honey with Gibbs & ~~Chaucer~~ literature with Jevons, & that as he sat between them Each was weighing the other at Jericho so that he might have Edward alone flattered the vanity which Eleanor said was ~~little~~ to like Hegg. His face had a complacency certainly which was disagreeable; but they had a way extremely good looking. with an adroitness that showed ~~that~~ ~~education~~ present situation often occurred he introduced a subject about which they could all talk — college gossip: stories about the masters; about the dons. There was a game. Now as some Gibbs might go; a Jevons might go. But they sat on. Then, with an expectation which he scarcely disguised, Jevons stretched out his hand & took up the Antigone.

"What speech?" he said, & began to read when he had chosen.

Gibbs felt this as a direct insult. His dirty little Jew came in; should then talk; & then proceeded

(She had caught him once always his over at after)

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to give himself airs at Gibbie's expense. He was a clumsy brute he knew; but still he knew the rest of them that was Jevons mind'd. And he continued, as there had been no interruption, to describe the hack that Edw he was going to get for Edward when Edward came to stay with them. Edward rather relished the situation hugely. There was Jevons pretending to read the Antigone while he was really listening to every word they said, writhing with jealousy. He could not resist playing up to Gibbs. Yes - the last fortnight in September - he thought he could manage that. Was the people in Scotland How the ran the place - same people in Scotland - only the no clothes - the Gibbs went on & thank the Lord, he moved in alone - nobody knocking about - no clothes - nothing to bother one - & it was true that Edward knew minute past, that his scene with Jevons, as would become more embittered. They had had at least a dozen scenes this term already over Gibbs; of was waiting Gibbs, it was Straker - "your little Jew friend." Jevons was becoming more & more cantankerous, Edward thought as he upped his hat. It might be well to have the scene a row & have done with it - as Jevons had threatened only last week. Only - the truth was that Edward could hardly afford to quarrel with Jevons. He was not bored with Gibbs; & as for Straker, that clever little Jew was not clever in the way that Jevons was clever. No, Jevons was really much more his sort - only - he frowned, thinking of the extraordinary complications of college life - how impossible the sort of thing made it to settle down & get on with one's work - How could one work when one was always having scenes? - Anyhow, Gibbs never made difficulties of that kind. Gibbs would do all to his farmers' daughts on Sundays & leave Edward in peace to read his book; whereas Jevons - then Edward thought of Kitty. He got up drank off the last drop of the port - got up & stretched himself. It was half past almost twelve. Gibbs & Jevons both looked at him. "I'm off" he said. "Don't you hang. The

was wearing his usual tie.

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winner in there" – he nodded at the other room – "a thousand pounds." He began unfastening his waistcoat. He was going to bed whatever they said. And neither of them said anything. No, he was not going to be left alone with either of them. He walked into his bedroom & shut the door. Let them fight it out together if they liked. His own fight was postponed for the moment. He slid the catch & turned the key in the door. He put his money in two heaps & silver & copper on the table & like a lucky man as he always did, a glance at his own rather flushed face, brushed the crest over his brow in the way which revealed Eleanor. The door slammed. Were they both gone? He was not sure. He waited, listening intently. "Good night" said a muffled female voice, quite near him. That was Devons – & Devons was drawing up for a minute. Edward And then Devons went too. Edward looked out into the garden. The magnolia was in bud now – the pink blush was gone – the lamp had been put out. Still a piano tinkled, still there was a sound of distant laughter; & then again, profound quiet, & the only a little chirp from some sleeping bird. Edward opened a thick unbound book, – the complete works of Lord Byron in double columns. He did not read at first but took out an envelope pressed between the pages. He extracted a photograph. Yes. That was Kitty Malone; Kitty, the loveliest, the purest, the most exalted of women. He looked at her for a minute, then replaced her in the complete works of Lord Byron. Nobody must know that he adored Kitty Malone.

When he had found the letter

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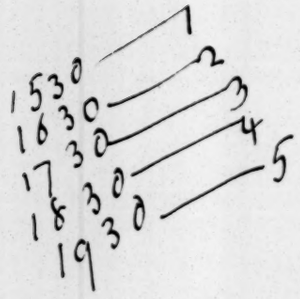

Nov. 22nd

That scene, the Confirmation which though attempts to throw any attempts to throw any light upon the problems that worried Edward's younger brother Bobby when he first went to a public school, & therefore indirectly upon his sister Rose's anger in the bathroom, & her subsequent refusal to be 'bullied' with Bobby in the Round Pond, is very much imperfect, not merely because nobody who was not actually an undergraduate at Benedict's in the summer of 1880 could report the precise certain/omissions & evasions have been obviously cramped the writer's pen. This is also imperfect because nobody who was not at Rexley or St James's & then at Benedict's in the summer of 1880 could possibly understand the force of the traditions & influences which had been working upon Edward ever since he was a boy of ten. Rexley, like St James's, like Eton & Harrow & Winchester & Westminster, like so many of our great public schools, was a very old foundation; for almost five hundred years English boys had been taught there; & since it was very closely connected with Oxford & Cambridge, had gone straight from Rexley, as Edward his Parents had done, to one or other of the ancient colleges at one or other of the universities; & there again he became a member of a College which had been educating young Englishmen for another five hundred years. In the eye of the history of the world five hundred years is no doubt less than a second of time; but in the history of England five hundred years is a very considerable period. The difference between 1530 & 1880 seems to us at once immeasurable; & when we reflect that during all that time — or to be accurate young Benedicts had been a College; that young men had sat, more or less where Edward was sitting in May 1880; had been hearing lectures in the Hall & saying prayers in the

Extract

meaning

during the years

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Chapel & Eating dinner in the hall; it is obvious that a variety, a complexity, an intricacy of tradition & theory & Ceremony we had accumulated, which whose force, ~~influence~~ existed arbitrary during the unremembered years that lie between ten ~~& eleven & twenty~~ & twenty ~~one~~ cannot be exaggerated, & cannot be understood or described ~~except~~ by somebody who has actually experienced them himself. Happily the habit of autobiography has become much commoner of late years; so that it is possible, even for an outsider to make some rough & intimate ~~of~~ the sort of influence which the public school & university exercise upon young men. But ~~this~~ Even now, a great many inaccuracies are bound to occur, even in matters of fact — it is quite possible for instance that Edward would not have been reading the Antigone but Thucydides & Cicero: it is also possible that the garden would not have had a may tree; & it is certain that to write "quadrangle" in a description of a Cambridge College would be as fatal a mistake as to talk of a court in writing of an Oxford College.

But granting that there are ~~several~~ mistakes which can be corrected, & are not, perhaps, of essential importance there remains the whole question of tradition, of influence; & all that is implied in the words of Edward's headmaster. To understand what Dr. Bradley meant when he preached the words that came to Edward's mind — ~~mind~~ mind had become part of his creed & were to influence him all his life — about belonging to a great & famous fellowship about "being moved as strings all together, in something like a rhythmic harmony." about receiving & handing on an influence which flowed from Jew Greek & Roman, an influence which made for "the manlier & more robust virtues — fortitude, self-reliance, intrepidity, devotion to the common weal; readiness for united action & self-sacrifice" — to understand what effect such teaching had had upon

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Edward Fargeles a thousand whom thousands of other young men, so that as they sat in their rooms at Oxford or Cambridge, they felt themselves, as Edward felt himself dedicated to carry on the tradition, with whatever expansions & modifications the university might suggest, to give the full effect of all this, & of unspeakably more than all this upon the whole mind & nature of an intelligent & vigorous ~~&~~ young man would be utterly unfortunate for anyone who had not felt had the dance of tradition - spent ten years first at Rugby & then at Benedicts. Even Archibald Forsyth, highly educated foreigner, Rugby Oxford in 1880, ~~was not~~ failed ~~as to grasp~~ failed completely to understand what Oxford the life of an Oxford undergraduate meant. A working man would be equally at a loss. undergraduate No doubt descriptions of young men like Edward occur in the works of the women novelists of the Eighties. But, quite apart from their ignorance & the morals which would been imposed upon her, not only from ignorance but from modesty & convention, she would have been almost as ignorant as a working man of the ~~fact~~ of ~~teaching~~ what was ~~was~~ tradition upon which the words of Dr. Hungerby Keatley or Dr Arnold, or Dr Percival or any the headmasters of Eton Harrow, Westminster & Winchester were based. The ignorance of a middle class woman in the Eighties was not necessarily as profound as the ignorance of a miner or a slate layer. It was ~~that~~ ~~just~~ horrible that by 1880 that a middle class woman had been educated at under Miss Beale at Cheltenham. But a glance at Miss Beale's life is enough to prove that the aims of which inspired the founders of that famous Ladies college were radically different from any that could have ~~disturbed into the~~ been in the minds of those ancient nobles ancient worthies who had were responsible for foundation of Eton & Harrow & Winchester & Westminster. One brief quotation is enough to prove this: "The Founders of this college & they meant for girl ..

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that being so, the whole tradition & influence of Cheltenham was
London College ~~was so different from~~ differed completely from
were completely at variance with the tradition & influence of
Eton & Oxford. For example, "The establishment of
175 Scholarships did not fit into Miss Beale's Educational
Scheme. She was not wholly opposed to them ... But
She had a great horror of a system by which one school or
College cd. buy promising pupils from others, & she held that
it was hard on earnest students who were not
naturally quick to use assistance given only to
absolutely." Therefore the her usual plan was to advance
money from her private purse, & to use that always
when, 'on the ground that it might be of use to others';
"There is a loan fund"; she would say when there
~~existed a fund~~, a girl ~~of limited~~ who seriously
wished to learn might have to leave on the score of expense.
And one glance at Miss Beale's address to her staff in 1873
when the new building was opened shows how fundamentally
the woman headmaster differed from the man.
159 Let us ask for true wisdom, ...
Then a girl trained at Cheltenham, who had gone on, as
she was just becoming capable that she might have gone to
Somerville would probably have erred as profoundly
in discerning ~~an~~ the type of an undergraduate at
Christchurch or Kings in the year 1880 as a senior or a
plate layer would have erred. The novels of Charles
Jude are an extreme example of the ignorance ~~that is about a~~
very clever woman might ~~about the other about the~~
with regard a other sex.
wh. were part of Eton's
But though the education & the influences which were so
profoundly different, the ~~as~~
But though Eton & the Ladies' College differed
in every ~~base~~ profoundly in tradition & in wealth, in
age ~~in object~~, ~~to the~~ & in manner & manners at
both schools ~~alike~~ had to deal with ~~young~~
two boys & girls, at a very impressionable &
inclined age, & ~~therefore~~ their problems were in
some respect similar. ~~Both knew that~~

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Miss Beale, like had "a horror of the unhealthy attachments which are often a source of danger in Girls' Schools" She would prevent heresy from making friends with the girls from motives of 'fastidious honesty'. And She would impress this truth the same creed upon her teachers. The girls would fall certainly fall in love with their teachers. The children that Jesus Jesu enjoined a Religion, ... as long as they are children, they may have a helping hand, but make them Jesus up, of horrible, sentimental worships. They must not do right for love of Jesus, but because it is right". So far presumably Miss Beale was only saying what each headmaster were saying; but when She added "what miserable, weak, sickly creatures many women are, who must always have a Pope" She was speaking rather as a woman than as a man. Love at any rate was present in Edwards' room that night, as certainly as money was present: but both love & money were though in this respect his room was at St Katharines was not unlike the drawing room at 58 Aberdeen Terrace, it is clear that the love which drove him first to look at Mr. Bradbury Humphrey's portrait, then to in order to conquer it, & then to look at wrote a poem to Persephone & then to take out the photograph of Kitty Malone from between the pages of Boston was a very complex emotion, even if we assume that the children way much from his Scilla was customary when they heard that Hugh Burke was home, & wished to meet him, & when they peeped behind the blind at the young man who was pacing a cab two doors down the street.

& then to look he door again at Archer.

In the first place her feelings were much more familiar to him. Like Bobby he had been free from a very early age to walk about London alone; & the knowledge that he acquired from the streets was now supplemented by the boys at school. Then as time he learnt, as he grew older

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Esther from her housemates or from Aber days, the dangers of love; & the best method of overcoming love — he keenly, when he was a prefect, became considered it to be one of his duties to determinate the forms alone that were considered objectionable. And when, after drinking port & reading the Antigone, he felt sensations with which he had long been familiar, his mind automatically proceeded to combat them, &, as the process was disagreeable, he felt, when he succeeded, not only a different, less disturbing emotion — a generalised idealisation of sex — but also considerably approval. He had conquered. Back

for the Other sex,

this feeling however was not wholly wrong, & disagreeable. An [When he thought of Kitty Malone he was moved to write a poem to her, in the character of Persephone; & a disagreeable obj] Even a prejudiced observer. like her sister Eleanor, would have admitted that his if she had watched him writing a poem to Kitty, or looking at her photograph. that he [illegible] took on a beauty & a sensibility which was quite absent from it when the thought of sex alone appeared. Then he had looked flushed & uneasy — though there was nothing in her expression then that was more disagreeable or disturbing than the expression that Eleanor might have seen when she held out a piece of tea cake to the lover, whose spaniel. The expression was simply fixed simply rightbiced greed.

But the whole question of Edward Jessop, & of true nature alone in her room in St Katharines, in the summer of 1820, became much more complicated when he sat on the stool between Jack Sibbs & Tony Ashton. Then he felt a variety of emotions, For Sibbs he had a perfectly simple, & the shallow, affection for Tony his feeling was much less simple & less shallow. For Tony not only loved him, but objected to his loving any body else. Thus, without feeling anything that could be called love for Tony, he was

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~~misprised to annoy~~ ~~incited to~~ tempted to irritate Tony, by pretending
that he was going to stay with Gibbs, ~~because~~, ~~rather~~
not simply from ~~love~~ malice, but because Tony's
love for him conflicted with the Hellenian passion
which he had for Kitty Malone.

Even without reading the poem to Persephone
which he had so carefully destroyed, it is plain that his
feeling for his cousin was ~~quite different from~~ akin to that
he may resembled his feeling for Gibbs after long ~~intercourse~~
was largely imaginary. ~~He~~ He was his cousin, but
the conventions which regulated the intercourse between
undergraduate & their cousins in the year 1880. were
strict in the extreme. He had never seen her alone. He
had only seen her half a dozen times in her father's house, during a
picnics. ~~He had seen~~ Gibbs & Tony almost daily. ~~&~~
They had discussed every subject - literary, philosophy, sport,
~~&~~ in common: they had taken breathe. worked together.
With Tony the intimacy had become so acute that it
~~seriously~~ threatened Edward's methodical habits of work.
If he had written a poem to Tony or to Gibbs it would have
been quite different from his poem to Persephone. ~~X~~ And
without ~~fail~~ too much licence, one is justified in thinking
that a poem written to a person ~~of~~ whom the writer knows
Gibbs, whom he idealises, whom he sentimentalises, is
always a bad poem. Nobody who had read much verse, or
even prose, can fail to be aware that a the worst
literature is that which is inspired by a ~~feeling~~ of vague
feeling of reverence, of ecstasy, of romance; for though the
feeling may be, as Edward's was, extremely strong, it
contains ~~X~~ It was not enough, as he said that he
was not a poet: nor was it only that his ten years
intensive ~~of~~ reading ~~of~~ Greek had so completely
coloured his mind that when he wrote English he wrote
it in a Greek way - he imitated Sappho or
Theocritus; not Herrick or ~~Alcaeus~~ Campeon: his
~~Greek~~ Greek was ~~Greek~~ Greek as a Greek shepherd, whereas his

Marlow as he realised himself was hopelessly bad.

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was purely English, & could he was naturally far more intimate
an English youth, & , had he been a Scot, would have gone
Scots instinctively to the English hearts, had he wanted
models; or, more likely still, have gone to no model at
all, but lingered to cultivate the farm, when Selby was
Counting the gold there, & heard listened to the various
farm hands Gels, & old women singing as they
hung up the washing, or rocked the cradle; — it was not only
that nature & education were both made it difficult for
him to express his genuine Emotion in a genuine way —
it was also that he was writing a poem to a God whom he
had scarcely known. x N [take in] to the
it contains elements of falsity, for the writer idealises his subject
he almost always sentimentalises, timely. [illegible]
[illegible] like Mr Pugh a mercy together the leaves of
poetry in a sheet of newspaper, one may be sure
that Edwards poem to Persephone was largely a poem
to himself. In her ignorance she only love & only help were
sure to enter in to it, however much the contortions of the
metre might disguise them; [illegible] became Edward
approved of timely for having conquered timely & because
[illegible] & long as some, the first condition of love poetry
such as Sappho's & Theocritus', is that the writer
has eliminated himself & timely completely.

Edwards were training at the hands of several
learned men for ten years showed him at once that the
poem was worthless. His love of its fragments. But
he by no means destroyed his own failure; they remained
difficult, conflicting, & very strong. The battle was only
postponed, he remarked when he went to bed & locked
his door. And perhaps the best way to illustrate
feeling which he finally coined nearly an allegory seemed to
to quote a scene in which the object of his
adoration. Kal Katharine Persephone Malone,
revealed herself, & thus, incidentally, her relation to
Edward.

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She was the daughter of Dr. Malone, the Master of St Katharines, & her mother & Edwards mother were sisters - Both had been Rigbys of Rigby in Yorkshire. Kitty, Dr Malones only child was now a girl of about twenty one.

Kitty Malone was the daughter of Dr. Malone the Master of St Katharines & Dr Malone & her mother had been a Rigby, & a cousin of Edwards mother who was also a Rigby, Edward & Kitty were also cousins, though distantly. Kitty was the Malones an only child & at present about twenty one.

Mrs Thomas Kipp's

Miss Lawther

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Ptr. & 4th

The clock or rather the innumerable clocks, had only just struck eleven but already the guests had gone & Dr. & Mrs Malone, the Howard Fiffs & Kitty were standing in the drawing room at the Lodge in the attitudes of people when a party is over, & it is scarcely worth while to sit down though one may stand about for a few minutes discussing the party before one goes to bed. As Professor Howard Fiffe (of Harvard) & his wife were staying at the Lodge, comment upon the party was ~~less~~ ~~bound to be~~ more restricted than on both sides, for the Fiffes were bound to say that the evening had been most delightful, & had been a great pleasure to meet Professor Robertson ~~Cumbermere~~, ~~his wife was~~ B in the flesh; & Mrs Dickson had ~~been very~~ ~~lived up~~ more than lived up to her reputation, & won, while the Malones on their part side had to brush aside the compliments, but had to ~~repeat that~~ assert that they had seldom known Mr Landrer in better spirits — for that was a tribute to the charm of Mrs Fiffe — a handsome American lady, whose dress had far above the Oxford standard. Though her accent — She was from the middle West — had & some of Professors had ~~struck upon~~ caused some surprise. On the other hand, nobody would have known that Professor Howard Fiffe was an American. With his little pointed beard, his ~~formal & courteous~~ fine distinguished manners, & his pronunciation that ~~was~~ of Oxford was not quite English was certainly not anything else in particular, ~~had he had~~ he might have been a professor from any University; & a very distinguished professor too. He was probably the most cultivated person in the room. Although his culture differed ~~widely~~ notably from the culture of the other professors it was just as great, in fact ~~perhaps~~ it was in some ways wider & smoother, & more ~~coarse~~ cosmopolitan. His diction was perfect, his manners courteous to the point of ceremony.

Bo

were so strange in Oxford circles that Mr Landrer & Mrs Dickson — Professor Bonamy had also been secretly suspended.

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~~He presented Kitty with a~~ Kelly, a tall rather large boned young girl, with the Rigby red hair & the red & white complexion that goes with it, had dropped her hand kerchief. ~~He~~ The Professor stooped & gave it her with a little bow. Old Chatty Andrewes, the historian, would never have done that – even if he could have stooped; which he was becoming daily more impossible – for his ~~knowledge~~ regard for food was only second to his love of facts. Kitty took the handkerchief. She knew how to take hand kerchiefs – charmingly as she bowed very slightly, & smiled with a pleasant deference to the distinguished person who had picked it up

waving her hand.

"Now Caden –" said Mrs Malone – in the ~~Chapel~~ & ~~voice~~ commanding tones of one who has spent so many years in taking the ladies into one room, & leaving gentlemen in another – indeed she had been a Warden in Oxford for over thirty years – that ~~there can be no doubt~~ the right moment has come. She was an extremely handsome woman still, though she was over sixty. ~~She was dressed not quite in the height of the fashion~~, but very nicely, & her beautiful white hair was perfectly dressed, so as to frame a strong rosy face, in which age was giving an air of distinction – the distinction of character – rather than of intellect. Mrs Malone who was standing by the Tudor fireplace, under the portrait of one of her predecessors, looked as if it would only need a few touches of the trunk to hang above the fireplace herself – she was so dignified, so modern, so capable, so handsome in the Eighteenth Century style – newly – ~~took~~ recorded her usual remark, as she had always recorded such remarks for thirty years, ~~and by rote~~

& She was dressed, if not quite in the height of the fashion, still in credulable materials. There was nothing of the artiste Grace about her dress. She was Carefully tailored

"Well, ~~Fiffer~~ I will just ~~smoke~~ one cigar & the Study & then we will follow you."

Professor Howard Fiffer then went very low over Mrs Malone's hand; & not quite so low over Kelly's hand; & then opened the door, for the ladies, to which Kitty kindly her father good night.

The ladies went slowly, carrying silver candlesticks,

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up the broad old staircase with the carved banisters to their bedrooms upstairs. Portraits of former masters of St Katharine's looked down upon them as they went; & Kitty following behind her mother, Mrs Fipps ~~last~~ secretly blamed Mrs Fipps for not stopping as they went & asking to be told, pictures by pictures, who they all were. Mrs. Fipps, in Kitty's opinion compared favourably with many Americans. Mrs Fipps was rather fun. At least, they had got through the Bodleian quite so quick. Kitty felt a little guilty, that this morning in record time. She had never done the perhaps she ought to have told Mrs. Fipps that they could have ~~had~~ seen the Spanish library — but when Mrs. Fipps as Mrs Fipps did not know about the Spanish library, had yawned quite perceptibly after only two hours, & had said in her extraordinary nasal voice "Well my dear I guess you're a bit fed up with rights — what I say to an ice at that dear old bean shop in the new bow window?" Kitty had concealed the fact that she had a note to had special permission to see — or any number of things! She had only to mention her father's name — of the curator, or the librarian, or the Dean porter, or the bedelsheeper, or the vergers — but they always did not know her by sight — but they always did — & then doors were unbarred, panels were rolled back, curtains were raised; charming men in gowns & mortarboards presented themselves, & for more the pleasure of showing Americans the sights of Oxford ~~before~~ lasted not one morning but the better part of three days. So they had eaten ices instead of gone to see the Reynolds window. And Mrs Fipps an she ate her ice had babbled on in a way which had ~~amused~~ made Kitty laugh aloud, about Oxford, about Harvard, about her own home in the middle West. Kitty did not understand half what she said; but the ~~instrument that~~ American slang was in the worst ~~she knew that~~ the Oxford Pekinese & their waves made fun of American voices & American slang;

they agreed to see the

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so that Kitty would never be allowed to use the words that Mrs Fipps was using; but she was very much amused, nevertheless, & readily for a moment hoped that her parents would let her go out & play with the Mr Fipps & "what nice like at home my dear."

They had now reached the upper hand famous guest chamber with in which distinguished guests were always lodged kept when they stayed at the Lodge. Mrs. Malone just looked in, to see that everything was all right; & to receive, for the thousandth time, her guests rapturous & clamorous, as the saw the great bed, four poster bed, the old oak trestle dressing table, the her own dressing gown & her husbands pyjamas laid out on the vast bed in which Queen Elizabeth had not slept (that was the bobbie joke that Mr. Malone had also made always made) & the wax candles & the lustre flames & the dressing tables & the carved four poster — & in short all the things that made staying at the Lodge "something" one will remember all one's life. Mrs Malone "— Yes. Mrs Fipps said that to. But her eyes soon looked a little odd on the countenance, Kitty thought: Mrs Fipps had a brilliant green silk. And the dressing table was covered with jars & pots little pots & jars. Could it possibly be that the wonderful complexion which had made all the Oxford ladies look a little pale as a lantern owed its wonder brilliance to paint & powder? Mrs Malone knew that the addition was rather absurd. Courtney which, Kitty knew, meant that she did not disapprove of. After Fipps warmly squeezed Kitty's arm. were of American professors. Kitty shook hands. even as to her nurse, Mrs Fipps kissed her. "Thanks a thousand times for having me all the night. Mrs Malone" the maid said. For the head liked Kitty, & the curious look of resignation with which Kitty had said "Oh I'd like to awfully, Mrs Fipps" — Mrs Fipps had suspected talky a shy & dreamy entrant the country "but I'm afraid I must be back for tea. The undergraduates are

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are coming, & mama will want me to pour out tea" had touched her & puzzled her. Kitty obviously enjoyed her tea. Obviously she would have liked a drive. And just as obviously she did not in the least enjoy pouring out tea. Mrs Fripp had made some joke, in doubtful taste, about not wishing to deprive the undergraduates of Kitty. And Kitty had looked quite blank. Kitty had did not suppose undergraduates ~~wanted her~~ cared about her: certainly she did not care about undergraduates. Did she ever enjoy them now any more than she enjoyed the undergraduates

Kitty said good night to her mother, & went on to her own room on the floor above. It was a warm night, but the housemaid had shut the windows & drawn the curtains. Kitty's first action was to ~~want~~ them open. Then she leant ~~on her elbows~~ against the window frame & looked out. No, it had not been a very ~~enjoyable~~ day. ~~It might have been worse.~~ but ~~Oh dear~~ what was the use of thinking the same thoughts ~~going round~~? ~~There was absolutely no way out of it~~ She knew that ~~one~~ over & over again? ~~No way~~ But after all, what did she want? She did not want anything in particular. ~~Now Mrs Fripps the right~~? Somebody had to thank Mrs Fripps the right. Somebody had to pour out tea. And yet, Kitty ~~had come to feel~~ felt tonight again that unless she could escape, some how somewhere ~~she looked round~~ ~~she room. It was a lovely old room the wood~~ —The sound. How could she possibly escape? Where to? ~~What did she want~~? To what? After all it always came back to that when she argued the question with her mother. She was not a girl any longer. She was 'out': She was grown up. And she had every advantage — if she had not enough to do at home, she could help Mrs Dickson in her district. Or, if she wanted to keep up her music, she could have lessons. She could take up a subject if she liked & work in the Bodleian. & at the same time ~~that~~ Mrs. Malone always said, there was plenty for an only daughter ~~to do at home~~ after all, "~~your father's position, Mrs Malone~~, & the Master of ~~Hoothamer to do nicely~~ as a man 'in your father's position' to do at home." There were the

Some girls did do this

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undergraduate. Mrs Malone made a point of asking every undergraduate ~~to~~ to some meal at least once a term. The ~~was at it 'at Home' on Tuesdays — today was a Tuesday —~~ & ~~then they~~ she considered it part of her duty as the master's wife. Two few days passed without having an undergraduate to lunch or tea; & on today was a Tuesday, & Tuesday was her at Home day. There had been more undergraduates than usual. Oh how they bored her! To Kitty an undergraduate was not a young man; he was an unkempt, tongue tied, rather pink, very awkward, ~~rather generally~~ youth, who flopped down in a chair, ~~sprang~~ up to hand tea & bolted, flopped down again, ~~had~~ ~~the cup~~ had ~~huge~~ no hand answered in monosyllables, but rarely ~~if ever~~ asked him the right question,— She knew by this time what questions ~~to~~ the rowing men, the reading men, the ~~to~~ Eton men, the Wrenchester men, the Rugby men, answered, & which ~~& then~~ ~~lapsed into dreadful silence~~ But ~~the~~ set the which they did not answer; but lapsed into dreadful silence. She had known an ~~every~~ undergraduate sit silent for twenty minutes. And all the time somebody had to go on talking. Her mother could talk almost incessantly. Her father ~~was~~ had a series of remarks which he made according to circumstances & then disappeared. ~~He was all very well for him~~ — he had ~~Chapel~~ work, or chapel, or somebody to see in the study. But she had to sit there listening to her mother asking Mr Welborough ~~what~~ he thought about the college boat, & the college cricket, or the beagles, or the football, or the lecture, or the concert, according to the time of year. And sometimes ~~the undergraduate~~ all these topics were exhausted, & still the undergraduate sat on; even Mrs Malone could think of nothing to say. Still the undergraduate sat on. Mrs Malone gave him every help. She was an expert in helping undergraduates to go. But still the undergraduate sat on. & an undergraduate had been known to stay in the same chair, without ~~conversation~~ speaking, for half an hour & a quarter to eight. And yet Mrs Malone ~~always~~ ~~said that it was~~ had argued, "Poor boy, he comes from Repton."

The Eton boys & the Harrow boys could at any

was discovered standing alone in the drawing room when Lord Jesmond & her guests

or only with Jessie & we wh. were so

The had to resume to me as

The asked how to

& start the dreadful ~~ru~~ silence

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& so they came to lunch

rate be invited to go. Some of them were apparently at their Case. But And there were others like Edward Pargeter & Anthony Ashley who ~~stuffed for~~ were not just 'undergraduates'. Edward was a Cousin; & Mr. Ashley was the son of an old friend. And as Some Lord Lamencourt was what her father called 'a very able young fellow —" He would go very far ~~he was~~ Paragraphs about her speeches at the Union ~~about~~ appeared in the London papers. Mr Katharine had produced several prime ministers, several ambassadors, several Viceroys & several Permanent heads of Colonial ~~the first class~~ offices. Indeed when Kitty had done pouring out tea for the undergraduates she would change into Every Dress, & help her father's mother to receive those same undergraduates, whom she could just remember, when she was a child as undergraduates & they had now become Cabinet ministers, Generals, Diplomats, who had been undergraduates when she was Crawling about the floor after a coloured ball. "Ja ha" Most Jews would have them eggs to be in your position" her mother would conclude — for these arguments between mother & daughter were fairly frequent; & then Kitty would wander off to her own room, & stand & as she was standing there, & wonder what on earth She could do to escape.

~~The bells began ringing again.~~

The bells of Oxford were striking eleven. Kitty began to undress. With some difficulty she unhooked her white satin frock; & then unfastened her necklace of small but fine pearls, & then she flopped off & looked out of the window. How she hated Oxford! It was all very well for people like the Fiffes, who came for a night or two & then went away; or for her father & mother — they loved being Mayor & Mayoress; & presumably it was all right for the undergraduates — at least Kitty, standing at the window, could hear a wave of laughter now & then, & a car which seemed to prove that when they were

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the undergraduates
alone in their own rooms they had plenty to say to each other,
engaged themselves; but for her, Oxford as she had
been born in Oxford, lived in Oxford all her life, &
Oxford was I was the daughter of the man of an
Oxford college – Oxford was at work, all she could say
was that the dullest place in the whole world. She
knew it all by heart, to begin with. She felt that she
had stood at that window & heard those bells, ever
since she could remember – the towers had been her
nursery. She had figured out to almost ever since she
could remember. She knew all her father's stories –
much of them almost as well as he told in the presence of ladies.
And it was her own fault if she did not know
which college was which, or the history of Oxford by
heart, too, since she had for many years now; & her father was one
of the finest authorities upon Oxford to alive, & was
engaged in writing a monumental history of
St Katharine's in which he proposed to have been
the last
As for Katharine, she was called after a queen,
that great lady who had endowed the college, some
five hundred years ago; & She could, have
known, had she chosen, more about the history
of Katharine than any woman in the world, for her
father was writing a monumental work upon
Katharine, & would have been only too glad, as
Kitty knew, of her help. She had once helped him,
There he used to sit year after year, with all his documents
round him – And he would have liked nothing
better than that she should sit too, diligent,
transcribing; & helping him in those innumerable researches
which were the delight of his life into the
Katharine Careers of every man who had ever been at
But then, in the course of five hundred years.
She could never forget the night of that black
storm flowing imperturbably over a generations
fire – & she had made some awful

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mistaken too — "You ~~are~~ not share the inability of your ~~sex~~, my dear, to grasp the importance of historical ~~truth~~ facts" her father had said with uncritical courtesy ~~one~~ when she had hopelessly muddled up the two different ~~characters~~ men with the same name. But her father had been very patient. He would willingly have taught her Palaeography. And when she made ~~tears~~ excuses & gradually stopped coming to his study after tea, he had accepted the fact that his daughter was not an historian, with a gentle resignation that had made her ashamed of herself.

"What's the worst part?" Kitty said to herself, as she unfastened her necklace, "Maybe both so awfully nice to me — Both her father & her mother only wanted her to do what she wanted to do — within the limits that were imposed by her being so young, & so nice looking, & after all, the daughter of one of the best known men in Oxford. Kitty took her brush & comb & began brushing her hair in front of the looking glass. Her hair & wanted an immense amount of brushing — it was the thick red hair that had been the bane of so many little Rigby girls, for it took about twice as long to brush as other little girls hair, & ~~then~~ stood up like a fuzzy bush; at the slightest provocation. Kitty a, brushed vigorously, ~~peeped at her~~ saw her own face in the glass, with the pained expression natural to one who is brushing vigorously. She was not particularly ~~beautiful~~ really terribly at all. She felt like a Cart horse beside Mrs. Fripp — in fact she felt like a Cart horse beside most girls of her age — her cheek bones were too prominent, & her eyes were too wide apart, & her mouth was too big. Her ~~great~~ beauty was her skin — that was beautifully white & red & soft — indeed it was covered with the finest down: & her teeth were white & strong & regular; & ~~she held herself very well~~, & her body though too big & ~~strongly~~ made tall ~~was well~~ she was as fine ~~as~~ just nine — was neck proportioned & she held herself very

That was when she was not paying her bills

Chop

'Just between the three of us' She knew her parents

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Next Mrs Ashton
mother and
to sit for
3 hours a day
with a
small iron
tied upright
under her
Chin

well, though she did not wear the perfect evenness of her
mother's carriage.

The action of brushing her hair very likely from time to
time as the Flats naturally made her ~~thinks~~ wonder
whether she had been looking nice at dinner — had what had
Mrs Fripp thought her too of her! Mrs Fripp had looked
perfectly lovely, Kitty thought, especially in her evening dress.
(And Mrs Fripp had turned her) The thought Kitty looked
suddenly remembered that with pleasure a part of
pleasure what Jem announced he to go to America, also
Kitty's own rain prospect. Maybe the rebuff that Harvard proved
caused again only smaller. Still they might make
Expeditions into the country — The Mrs Fripp together,
while Papa & mama were going to be away
being shown round Harvard.

But Kitty was not lonely endowed with that convenient
faculty of the time day dreamers power of inventing
scenes — her reason told her that nothing was less
likely than she should go to America. Could so,
still brushing her hair, the thought again of the dinner
beside Mrs Fripp: and her Mr Cheffey had looked
Vult the as she went into her head: how but Latham had
stared — & then she went back to the tea party —
thank heaven that was over for another week — &
from the then the thought about & then Hunting & the
horror of hoary ouptea for supper
undergraduate. She remembered, as she had not
one remembers afterwards what one has not
time to think about while it is actually happening,
how different Jem Mr Ashton was from the others —
why had he come, again?

Kitty's knowledge of undergraduates was scarcely,
limited to the Fripp scheme.

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This was the third time that Tony Ashton had come to the Lodge this term.

When undergraduates took to coming to the Lodge of their own accord, - as they sometimes did - only one explanation could be put upon their conduct - & at least by Mrs Malone; & they lost it, when they were alone together, ~~rather~~ ~~in the~~ after something after this fashion "That young Hammond way here again - Mrs Malone would say. "I dont know that I think I want him for a son in law." Let me see, let me see, which is Hammond?" The doctor would reply. "~~Short an able youth;~~ but - Ah yes - Quite an able youth - but ..." & then or Mrs Malone would say, ~~I rather suspect~~ "Lord Lammermuir ~~obviously~~ couldnt take his eyes off Kitty" - an announcement that Dr Malone, without being really worldly, took more seriously; for Lord Lammermuir would be a had a very important career before him - he was the son of the foreign Secretary - & though Dr Malone was perfectly content with his own position, as Master of Katharine's, he had a ~~distinct~~ ~~appreciated~~ was rather ahead of his time in wishing to bring Oxford into touch with the London life of London, & a ~~daughter~~ son in law who was in the very inner circle of ~~Whig~~ Tory politicians would have helped to bring about a concord which was desirable ~~for~~ on both sides. But, as Lorne, ~~the matter must be decided ~~entirely~~ by Kitty herself~~ Kitty to decide for herself - neither Dr or Mrs Malone would ever have brought pressure upon their daughter - they only wanted her to marry the man who would make her happy. And as previously they set their faces very steadily against any attachment between the pair.

Thus when Tony Ashton called at the Lodge ~~for the~~ third time in one term Kitty ~~supposed~~ for a moment that he was attracted by her. And yet - as she took off her ~~brooch~~, & powered out

all the Evening

had much to be dealt for

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a tumbler of water & began to brush her teeth. She recalled Tony the strange appearance of Tony Ashton among all the other undergraduates & her instinct told her that whatever the reason was that led Mr Ashton to come, it was, not the same reason that had once led Mr Hammond to come, or Lord Lanmerrenis to look at her. No, Tony Ashton did not look at her in that way at all. He looked at her quite differently. He did not like her. She did not think that she liked him. Yet he was much easier to talk to than most of the undergraduates. Had he been at Eton? She thought not. Either he was much more at his ease than most of the undergraduates — he had beautiful hands, she remembered. And they had talked about Edward Parfitt. That was natural because Edward was her cousin, & Edward & Tony Ashton were friends — they were in the same set.

She was not sure

Kitty's knowledge of undergraduate life was extremely limited. She sometimes went to tea with them when to see her mother, or with Hamilton — but she had never been alone in the room with an undergraduate in her life. But she knew instinctively that they had themselves, & that they were different sets — the rowing set, the reading set, the Eton set. The Winchester set, & so on. Tony Ashton was in the reading set. Edward was more at his ease in the reading set too. Edward had an enormous admiration for Tony Ashton — he had told her so. And Edward, Kitty was beginning to detect, was falling in love with her.

Heaven, the thought, brushing her teeth vigorously as she brushed her hair, what a bore that will be" — she meant that it would be a bore having that particular scene all over again with Edward. It had been trying for the first time — with Edgar Hammond. Not for some reason,

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Edward Paget, with his beautiful sunk eyes, & his white
curly hair, & his general
& the had wounded very much, upon Alan Hammond - he
had gone so white, & then so red, & had the tears had actually
come into her eyes, & he had clenched his teeth when he
asked her to marry him at the Ball & both last year -
She had sobbed him to stop that night - though
by now he was in India & had probably forgotten all
about her: But Edward, with his beautiful sunk eyes
& his white curly hair & his general sympathetic for
every soul & everything somehow overwhelmed her. She
felt that he would be very persistent & would be never
impossible to make him understand. So,
in the interval of having tea, she had
run down Edward to Tony Ashton, so that
Tony might give Edward a hint. No, she did not
like Tony Ashton & He was like a snake & There was
something cold & clammy about him. She did not like
physically disagreeable to her - She did not like
even his complexion purely - he was so pale & he
looked so sickly: but of course he had beautiful hands,
& a nose that was rather like a woman's. But
they on Sarah Tony Ashton came to tea, she could not
imagine - unless it were to find out something about
her & Edward. It was quite obvious that he
was the sort of undergraduate who loathed tea parties
hated tea parties - And yet he was much easier
to talk to than the other undergraduates.
The bells were beginning all over again. It
was only half past seven. The funeral sounding
had on the long white nightgown that was laid
on the counterpane. Then she went to the window;
& blew out two of the candles on the dressing table - the
third she would place on the table by her bed -
But she must not stand at the window
& draw other window in her nightgown, even
with only one candle - anybody might see in - &
somebody were in - She had been for ever into

Edward
him

believe that
She did
not want to
marry him
Jane has told

She started
very on the
tooth ache.

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dreadful how was with her mother already for doing that—
Her mother had said that ~~with all those~~ she must be
Even more careful, with all those young men about, than
most girls of her age. So, as the night was very
warm, she removed the candle to her bedside, &
because nobody could 'see in' of she lay in bed with
a candle beside her.

And yet through the last bell — what was it? —
she ought to have known, every bell in Oxford by its sound —
was still ringing striking half past eleven, & half past
eleven was considered late, she was not at all unhappy.
She would read a little before she put out her light
what she ought to do, she reflected, sitting on her bed with naked
feet, was to finish the seventh Chapter of Stubbs vol 3.
Stubbs vol. 3 was staring her in the face on her
little book case. A bookmarker was stuck about the a
third of the way through. If she read ten twenty pages of
Stubbs daily, she had calculated that she would have
finished vol 3 by the end of May: that left — had
many vols. did it leave? ~~today~~ four more. —
And in the long vacation ~~she would have more time.~~ —
might read But she had not read twenty pages of
Stubbs daily — no, she had missed two days this week
Completely, partly owing to the Fixtures, & those head ache
been a the ~~two~~ Churchchurch Bank. So that really
she ought to read sixty pages of Stubbs vol. 3. if she were
~~going to~~ to resist.

The task seemed to her impossible; but she had a
dogged stream he in her, — her grandmothers had ~~not~~ been
the wives of Yorkshire Squires for generations — &
so ~~she did not like~~ & after all, ~~she had~~
Gibbon was longer than Stubbs. She had read
Every word of Gibbon — cutting the notes. Notes
did not count. And after a days reading of
Stubbs was mercifully contracted by the fact
that the actual reading matter was only

as her father did —

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two inches at the top of the page. She opened the book
in order to see whether her luck was in tonight.
She pulled herself together & took the book from the book case.

Her collection of books was small; but rather select. There were
the books she had read as a child - like the Fairchild Family;
& Hoare & a prayer book & a bible; & there were also
two copies of Lessons & Lilies - indeed she had a third
but as that was presented by the author, Mrs. Malone
kept it further in the book case drawer: and
there were three more bound volumes, also presented
by distinguished men, friends & pupils of her father.
But she was no great reader; & the only book
that tempted her was the Fairchild Family. Mrs. Malone
only allowed her to ~~to~~ read books, like Jane Eyre, &
were forbidden; that is But as to mere fiction was
forbidden, so that it was a happy chance that she had no
particular wish to read it, & only what such immoral
works as Jane Eyre, loved her to when she did get hold
of such immoral works as Jane Eyre, they bored her so
much that she was glad to accept her mother's ruling
that they were not
suitable reading for a girl. for a matter of fact,
The only subject in which she had any real liking was
history, in spite of misadventure with the ink
pot, was history. She stumbled it came to her by way of
of her passion for Garthshire, & often between her mother's
family the Reighs had been settled in Garthshire since
since Reigh was called Reigh, had been called Reigh
or they after them, or they had been called Reigh after it -
a long time before the conquest. They used, falling upon
a mind which was active & vigorous in some ways
practical & liked to inquire into the
she would have liked to know all about Garthshire: &
to something about the lives of Scotch people all
through those centuries during which the Reighs had

Scotland,

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had been farming, fighting, reading, lawmaking, marrying
bearing children & dying: so that when her father
had ~~first~~ asked her ~~what subject she would~~ which she
knows interested her most she always said history; & ~~then~~
then, when he pronounced against Chillenham, & Somerville Hall
he had made enquiries & found that there was an ~~an~~ admirable
admirable lady called Miss Craddock who ~~was~~
lived in Oxford & taught ~~the daughters of the Oxford~~
young ladies who had left school.

When Kitty Maxwell Stubbs, she always thought of
Miss Craddock two. She loved Miss Craddock —
perhaps she loved her better than anybody in the whole world.
(at any rate, the two hours the short weekly reading
history with) And yet it was a very strange kind of love.
Miss Craddock was over fifty & her natural plainness
~~She had a~~ she was very small, had a great forehead
& very bright ultra blue eyes & a mouth that always turned
~~pursed up to say something sarcastic~~, — was ~~aggravated~~ by the
fact that she ~~strained~~ her hair tight back off her forehead.
& dressed with a ~~shabby~~ severity that was only ~~more~~ than tolerable
tolerable than ~~painful than~~ by comparison with her finery: ~~when on~~
~~great occasions~~ the ~~Maynot~~ necessary to put on a
~~for her bonnet & mantle turned the~~ for when she
appeared on great occasions in bonnet & mantle
she ~~was~~ looked like a parrot ~~that has been caged~~ —
dishevelled ~~by~~ a gale — her bonnet ~~was~~ always
crooked & her mantle was tufted with bows, worn as by
Miss Craddock only in deference to the frivolity that
she vaguely felt to be ~~inherent~~ in fashionable parties
Even of old women like herself. ~~of~~ one belonged
to the female sex.

She was extremely poor. She
lived in lodgings, & the room in which she received her
pupils was in reality her bedroom: which explained the
presence of a sofa.

But when on a high chair
at a table covered with red cloth she
taught pretty well that Kitty was ever induced to know of
English history: & much was her subsequent fee

(Nov 28th 1932)